

CHICAGO FIELD

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

Vol. XIII.—No. 3.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1880.

\$4.00 Per Year

A Jaunt on the Plains and in the Buffalo Country.

BY PRAIRIE DOG.

CHAPTER I.

When a boy, my dreams were all of the West and the plains, and as I grew older my chief ambition was to "go West" and kill a buffalo. I had never been west of Michigan, and I longed to tread the "great plains" which I had read about, mount the "wild Indian pony," chase the "flying buffalo," and at last see him tumble in his "headlong flight," a "victim" to my "unerring pistol." I read all the books I could get hold of that touched upon the subject of buffaloes, and plains hunting in general, but the trouble was they were too old—they were the experience of some one who had crossed the plains before the days of the railroads, and what I wanted was the information of the day. At last I reached the sticking point, and in the Spring of 1874 I started West, leaving New York in April. I had been advised to take the Kansas Pacific railroad to Ellis or Hayes—but certain circumstances caused me to take the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, which at that time was only finished to Grenada, Col., a small place twelve miles from the Kansas state line. Now I could write several columns in regard to the strange sights at Grenada, dance houses, Mexican teamsters, gamblers, Texas cow-boys, etc., but as this is a hunting yarn, I will try not to get too far from the subject, but I must relate one little anecdote, simply to show the state of affairs in the "burg."

The train from the East one night brought in among the other passengers, two young chaps, who, in the language of that country, would be denominated "tender feet," or "pilgrims." What their object was in coming to that country I can't state. On the night of their arrival the landlord of the hotel, the majority of the guests, and all the "help" went to a dance-house for some fun, and came back about one o'clock in the morning "roaring drunk." Among the "guests" of the house was a young man from Ohio, and he in some way got into trouble with one of the servants, who threatened to "knife him," whereupon Y. M. from Ohio commenced to yell murder, and several other very "cheering" words, which, owing to the style of the building, were easily heard all over the house, as the hotel was a regular "move on" structure, built of unplastered lumber and not plastered; it had followed the railroad, and where it stopped, there the house stopped, and probably now is doing duty out near Leadville, or beyond. The "rooms" were only boxes, with sides about seven feet high, with the cover left off; so, even if sound was unable to pierce the thin partition, nothing prevented it from coming over the top. I was lying in bed listening to the "racket" and wondering if anyone would get killed, but comforting myself with the thought "if I keep still, they won't come for me," when I heard a stir in the next room and a voice saying, "Well, I can't stand this. Let's get up and dress; we can't sleep here." "All right," says the other voice, "let's go down and find out when we can get out of this place." So up they got, dressed and went down. They routed up the chap who was acting clerk (for his board), and inquired when the train left. "Not 'till five in the morning," was the reply. "Thunder," says one, "can't we leave before that?" "Yes," replied Mr. Clerk, "the stage goes at four." "Which way?" (both at once.) "Oh, it is for the West, Pueblo." "West! not much, we won't go a blasted mile farther west. We want to go east!"—and east they did go, for when I got up in the morning they had departed toward the "rising sun."

Having made inquiries at the hotel, I found out there were two buffalo hunters camped about a half mile from town, who might take me out, so I hid myself to the camp and at once made my object known. They eyed me over and probably judging that I was not a "very bad man," said they guessed they had no objections; and right here let me state I was very fortunate in my meeting with these men, as they were of a better class than is usually found among professional buffalo hunters. One was a married man, and had his family, wife and three children, with him. They lived in a wall tent when located, and in the wagon when moving. Before I found them they had been hunting south on the Cimarron—and in the Indian Territory—but as Spring came on it became too warm and they had to come north.

It took us several days to get prepared for a start, and for the benefit of those who may wish to know all about the business I will give particulars of our "outfit," and this description will do for the majority of hunting parties of those days. First came the wagon, which was a Studebaker, with high sides, drawn by a large, powerful pair of horses; besides these two saddle ponies, for hunting, were taken. I also procured later a saddle pony. In the wagon was packed a provision chest, ammunition box, small cavalry "A" tent, poles, etc. (This tent was a luxury not generally found). For supplies—we laid in flour, beans, sugar, bacon, baking powder, coffee, tea, salt, pepper, dried peaches, and corn for the horses; besides, I bought outside the general stock, canned tomatoes, peaches, crackers, and a jug of whiskey—for snake bites). For arms—I had a Sharp's "sporting rifle," caliber 50, 70 grains of powder. A Colt's 44 caliber, rim fire revolver and a hunting knife. The hunters had a Sharp's 44 caliber, 70 grains, sporting rifle, double triggers, and a shot-gun for small game. Cooking utensils—well—a Dutch oven for baking bread (the best thing a man can have for camping out), a frying-pan, coffee-pot, camp-kettle (used for boiling beans, meat, or our clothes, as the case might be), tin plates, cups, knives, forks, spoons, and a tin-pan for utility, make bread in it, wash in it, or use it in many other useful ways. We were fitted out like Princes, for I met hunters later, whose outfit consisted of nothing but flour, bacon and coffee, in the way of eatables, and—one tin pan, a coffee-pot, frying-pan, and a small panikin to drink out of; no knives, no spoons, nothing, in fact, but the bare necessities. For bedding we had blankets, a quilt, and some buffalo robes—and let me advise any one contemplating any such trip, to take, if possible, an old quilt and a robe. The latter spread on the ground with the quilt over it makes a "boss" bed for a tired man.

We started Sunday morning, as Jim Lucas (one of the hunters—the other name was Amos Vail) had some regard for Sun-

day—considering it his "lucky day" for starting any new enterprise. So, of course, we must start Sunday. Crossing the Arkansas river by fording it, we headed our team northward. The first day's journey was not a long one, as the horses were "soft" having been doing nothing for some time. So after stopping for lunch at noon, we only drove five or six miles, until we struck some small cotton-wood trees on the banks of what looked to me like a dry creek or river. Here we camped. While Vail attended to the horses, and Lucas built a fire, set the tent, etc., I took the shot-gun for a ramble. Walking up the dry bed of the stream, I found places with a little water in them, and further along I came to a small pool. Just as I reached it, out came two "gray ducks," as they are called there. Snap went my right barrel—mis-fire—but the left did not fail me, and down came one of the ducks, the other flying to another small pond farther on. I followed, and when he rose again I brought Mr. Drake back to "his first love." Gathering up my ducks, I started back, amusing myself by dropping several doves, there being any number of them in the cottonwood bushes. They were not very good eating, being strongly impregnated with the taste of the sage they had eaten. We ate our suppers, and were preparing for a snooze, when we were startled by the tramping of some animals near us; rushing out, we saw quite a band of wild horses coming over a hill. Jim rushed for his gun and fired a shot or two at them, and off they went. He was afraid they would stampede our horses if they came too near.

I slept well, considering it was my first night out, and was up early, got breakfast, filled our water kegs, loaded the wagon, and we were off. We were now traveling over a range of country which lays between the Arkansas river on the South and the Republican on the North. For though there are numerous small streams between, they are the main water-ways. This country a few years (three or four) before, had been alive with buffaloes, it being the Summer feeding ground. The buffaloes originally were divided into two herds—one known as the "Southern herd," the other the "Northern." Of course these herds were not compact but were scattered; still the hunters designated them in that way. As Spring opened, the Southern herd would come North across the Arkansas, and point for the head waters of the Republican, where they would feed in countless thousands. But the railroads came and made transportation to the East comparatively cheap, and the buffaloes were slaughtered for their hides; the carcasses being left to rot. Men made three, four and five hundred dollars per month killing buffaloes. Is it any wonder they disappeared? Fairly melted from the face of the earth!

As we journeyed along we were met on all sides by proofs of the immense number of these animals that had formerly roamed these plains. Here were trails that some herd had followed when on the move; for when traveling they go in a certain system. Trails beaten into the hard earth, twelve, fifteen, twenty inches, not one alone, but dozens of them. Next we would pass some little hillock where some hunter had got a "stand," and within a circle of a hundred yards, you could count a hundred or more carcasses; plenty of bones, but no living buffaloes.

We commenced to see antelopes, but they were wild, as it was near enough to the railroad for them to be hunted by parties from Grenada. We tried some long shots twelve hundred and a thousand yards, but only succeeded in stirring up the dust near them and making them show us their "white linen." The next day, however, as we were jogging along, we saw a small lot of antelope ahead of us, and we concluded to try them. Jim and I got down from the wagon, and by taking advantage of the lay of the ground managed to walk within half a mile of the herd. Now we had to crawl for it, for if they saw us they would soon be off. By dint of hard crawling, crouching low and working from rise to rise of the ground, we got within two hundred yards or so. We "breathed" quietly for a moment, so as to get our nerves steady, and to allow me to get rid of any symptoms of "buck fever," when we rose up and there stood five very pretty animals gazing at us. Jim took a doe and I a buck for a target, and both fired together. Away went the balance of the herd, but we had all the meat we needed, so did not try to stop them. Vail soon drove up, and we put our two antelopes aboard and started on.

The antelope is a curious animal, and generally not easily hunted. If it is windy they are usually wild. They can only be approached by keeping their wind, for if they get a sniff of your "wind," you might as well give up. And yet again you may lay down and stick up your hat, gun, anything that looks queer, and they will come within a few yards to ascertain what is up. If led by an old buck, he will keep the does and young bucks back, while he appoints himself a committee of one to investigate, but he is coming though curious—and if you don't drop him as soon as he gets within range, you may not get him at all—for gradually he will work round you, giving a snort every few moments, until he gets your mind, and then he is off with the rest. Sometimes you will run on to them in the heat of the day, lying in some low swale in the prairie, and the first you know, up they hop, like so many big rabbits, and off like a flash. I have been lying down, waiting for my partner, and, not thinking of game, when I would be startled by a snort, and, looking up, would see an antelope gazing at me, and, to my credit be it said, I always let them go unharmed, for it was no sport to kill them when we did not need meat.

In regard to antelope meat for food, there is as much diversity of opinion as there is about other game. For my part, I can say it is good when a man is hungry, but for a steady diet it would prove dry. The best dish in the way of antelope I ever ate was the boiled ribs of a young one, and that was immense—very tender, and as sweet meat as I ever tasted.

Ten days after starting, in the afternoon, we discovered a small town ahead of us, which did not look to be more than a mile or two away, but which proved to be six or seven. The air being so light and pure, distances are deceitful, or, rather, a person's idea of the same. We did not make the town that night, but camped in sight, on a small stream of water, and here I had a little experience in regard to plains rivers.

The small stream near which we camped was the Smoky Hill Fork of the Republican, so-called, because there is at times a smoky appearance in the atmosphere in the region through which

it runs. This small brook or creek was not over three or four feet wide, and as innocent a looking little thing as one would wish to see. "But a change came over the spirit of its dream," for at nine o'clock that night it commenced to rain, and by twelve the little brook had swollen into a raging torrent, one hundred feet or more wide, and roaring like a small Niagara. This, however, is a common occurrence in that country, the land being of such a rolling nature that water gathers in the gulches and makes large streams, and if it don't rain often, when it does it makes up for lost time. We were sleeping under the wagon that night, and it was not long before we were lying in a puddle of water, but we had to stand it, and a more uncomfortable set of mortals than we were would be hard to find. The next morning we rode into the town, which we found to be Wallace on the Kansas Pacific, near Fort Wallace. At that time Wallace was quite a starting point for hunting parties, and was also an eating station on the railroad. I purchased a black riding pony here, rejoicing in the cognomen of Nig. Nig had been a cattle pony, and was used to hunting, so I was very fortunate in securing him.

From Wallace we journeyed northwest. Just after leaving the town we passed some men and boys catching prairie dogs. They had a wagon with a couple of barrels of water, and the *modus operandi* was to pour water into the dog's hole and drown him out. That is about the only way to secure the little fellows, for they are very shy. You may shoot one, but the chances are he will live long enough to tumble out of sight into his hole, unless, as it sometimes happens, you give him a dose when he is out feeding at some little distance from home.

For the first two days after leaving Wallace, we saw no buffaloes, but plenty of antelopes, also saw several badgers, and snakes of all kinds were numerous. Some days, without going out of our way, we would kill three and four rattlesnakes. At first I was a little afraid of the rattlers, but we saw so many I became accustomed to them and would tackle them with a very short stick.

On the third day out we saw our first buffaloes. They were about three miles away, but with the glass could make them out plainly. Lucas thought it hardly worth while to try for them, as it was late in the afternoon, and we had to find water for our night camp. Jim and I started on ahead, leaving Vail to follow slowly with the wagon and ponies. We looked on all sides for signs of water, but the prospect was poor. Water and fuel are the two great things that a person feels the need of on the plains. For fuel, buffalo "chips" are used when you can get them, and they make, when thoroughly dry, a good hot fire, and not, as some may suppose, a disagreeable one. We used to carry a bag in the wagon, and while traveling along during the day, would gather a bag full, so we would be sure of supper. But water we could not carry so well. Our kegs would hold enough for us, but the poor horses would suffer, so water we must have at night. Jim and I at last struck a sand draw that looked as if once upon a time there had been water there, but now, why, you might as well dig for water in a "hay-stack," that is judging from appearances, but appearances are deceitful sometimes, and so it proved in this case. Lucas gave up trying, and moving on, left me. I thought the land looked lower a short way from me, so going there, I dropped on my knees in the sand and commenced to scrape a hole with my hands. Down I went in the yielding sand, and at last, when I was at the lowest point I could reach with my arm, I was rewarded by a handful of moist sand. That was enough. There was water there, all we had to do was to dig for it, so springing up on the bank, I walked signal for Vail who soon drove up, and taking the shovel, we soon had a large hole about six feet deep, which gradually began to fill with water.

Before I leave this subject of water, I want to state a few curious facts in regard to the plain's rivers and streams. They have a very peculiar way of appearing and disappearing. Even as large streams as the Platte and Republican will nearly disappear. I have seen the south fork of the Republican at night with a body of water two feet deep and fifty yards wide, and the next morning you could walk with dry feet across it. Then in a few days the water comes again. Whenever you strike these streams on the plains dig and you will have water, and where you can get a pint of water there is more where that came from.

The next afternoon as we were riding along, Vail called my attention to some objects which we could only see with the naked eye, without being able to tell what they were. The glass was brought forward, and we could just make out something looking like men or horses. Now the question was, Wild horses, buffaloes, Indians, or what? We were not long kept in suspense, for the objects were coming for us, and each moment brought them nearer; at last we could distinguish a wagon drawn by two horses, a man driving and one walking. We turned toward them, and were after some little time together. One of the men approached, and a rough looking specimen he was; no hat, an old pair of ragged pants, a shirt open in front, and a pair of low cowhide shoes, was the sum total of his garments; long beard, matted hair, and a skin that looked like leather from exposure and dirt. After exchanging a few words, the man informed us that he and his partner were lost. They were buffalo hunters and had a camp somewhere in that region, but they had not seen it for three days. In the meantime they had been existing on buffalo "straight," and it was getting a little monotonous; could we let them have something to eat. Of course we could, and out came bread and bacon, and it made me smile to see them go for it; how little did I think I would soon be in just the fix they were in. As there was a small hole, filled with water from the last rain, near us, we concluded to camp, and it was not long before we all were punishing hot bread, coffee and some buffalo hump; the latter contributed by our new found friends. Our lost hunters informed us that now they were sure they could find their camp, and if we would go with them they would let us share the benefits of a spring of water they had discovered, and that near them the buffalo were ranging thickly. That was what we wanted, so it was settled that the next morning we should start early. At daylight the following morning we were all stirring, and soon had breakfast dispatched, the wagon loaded and were off.

About ten o'clock I was riding ahead of the wagons and just mounting a small hill, when looking over the top I saw a sight which made me turn quickly and back to the teams on the jump. Yes, there they were, a herd of at least two hundred buffalo, moving along about two miles away. They were evidently bound North, and it behooved us to get after them as soon as possible, for a "stern chase is a long chase." So only stopping to fill our belts with shells, but not to eat anything, Jim, one of our new friends and myself started. Jim and I had ponies but the other hunter had not, so we had to go slow to enable him to keep up. After going about a mile he concluded he would go back to the wagons, as it would not be possible for us to catch up with the herd at the gait we were going, for they were out of sight then. So giving us as near as he was able the direction that he thought the lost camp lay, and telling us to meet them there, he left us. Jim and I started our ponies at a lively gait, and in about a half hour caught sight of the buffaloes again, still going.

"Well," said Jim, "if they keep on this way we might as well give up, for we can't get within range."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Horse.

The English Spring Handicaps.

The official calendar with the acceptances for the English Spring Handicaps will be found below. This will be of some interest to the reader, in as much as the Lorrillard Stable of American horses is well represented in them by the following horses: Parole, Faleetto, Mistake, Sly Dance, Wallenstein, Boreas, Geraldine, Pappoose and Nereld, and not one of them has been struck out for any of their engagements. An English paper says, "It will not escape notice that the American lots remain intact everywhere, which is strong evidence that Mr. Lorrillard considers them justly treated." With this view the American racing world will not agree, for they have been given top weights for their respective ages, and imposed by the handicapper out of all character compared with the work of his predecessor. That they have been safely anchored may be accepted as a fixed fact. The English have evidently gotten over the idea that their horses are from fourteen to twenty-one pounds better than the American bred ones, and should they be successful with the weights lumped on them, they will prove themselves the best in the world. An indignant American in London indites the following letter to the London *Sportsman*. We append also the editor's comments:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *SPORTSMAN*.—Sir: It is surprising that no London journal has made reference to the monstrous injustice done to the American horses by the handicapper. We have always heard English fair play much vaunted, and I ask where it has been displayed in the weights for the spring handicaps? Faleetto, a horse having never gone to the post in England, is practically shut out by weights which could carry to victory, would stamp him the best horse in the world. The young horses of Mr. Lorrillard, all save Pappoose and Geraldine, unknown and untried, are most heavily weighted. In short, the whole thing is prohibitive. Why, then, encourage foreigners to bring their horses to England at enormous expense? Because, old Parole won some good races last year your handicappers shut out virtually all other American horses, and I may add that we (I mean Americans having no proprietary interest in the horses) deem this the reverse of fair play, and far from chivalrous, not to say very mean. We have expected to find the leading sporting journals of London notice the facts to which I call your attention, but as yet only an obscure Newmarket correspondent has had the fairness to express the general opinion and convictions. Instead of congratulating Mr. Lorrillard and Mr. Keene upon their enterprise in bringing their horses, at immense expense, to England, you should warn them to leave the animals at home, as there will never be a ghost of a chance for them. Yours respectfully, AN AMERICAN.

Langham Hotel, Portland Place, London, W.

[Mr. Lorrillard has an opportunity of marking his disapproval of the way in which his horses have been handicapped by non-acceptance. Considering, however, the character that heralded Faleetto's arrival in this country, and mindful also of what the American sporting papers said with regard to the performances of Wallenstein and Mistake, the handicappers could perhaps do no other than regard them in the light of "dark" ones, and treat them accordingly. Our Ya-kee friends may not have a second Parole, but perhaps those who have the compilation of the weights for our handicaps are not the most to blame.—Ed. *Sportsman*.]

The following is a table with the weights they have to carry:

NAME.	Linehorse Handicap.	Newmarket Handicap.	City and Suburban Handicap.	Metropolitan Handicap.	Chatter Cup Handicap.
Adamite, 6 yrs.	6 11	—	—	—	7 4
Admiral Byng, aged.	—	—	—	—	6 10
Advance, aged.	—	—	8 0	8 0	8 1
Belfry, 3 yrs.	—	6 3	—	—	—
Blackthorn, 4 yrs.	—	—	—	—	6 8
Blue Blood, 4 yrs.	—	—	7 4	—	—
Boreas, 3 yrs.	—	6 10	6 10	—	—
Breadfinder, 4 yrs.	—	8 3	—	—	—
Brigida, 6 yrs.	7 0	—	—	—	—
Buchanan, 3 yrs.	—	—	6 0	—	—
Brown Bread—Test, 3 yrs.	—	—	—	—	5 7
Calabria, 4 yrs.	—	—	—	—	6 10
Calecon, 4 yrs.	6 6	—	—	—	—
Callisto, 5 yrs.	6 7	—	—	—	—
Castillon, 3 yrs.	5 8	—	—	—	—
Caxtonian, 4 yrs.	—	—	7 11	—	—
Centenary, 5 yrs.	6 10	—	—	—	—
Chippendale, 4 yrs.	—	—	—	8 10	—
Chocolate, 4 yrs.	6 9	—	—	—	6 9
Claroncleux, 3 yrs.	—	—	5 12	—	—
Clementine, 5 yrs.	—	7 8	—	—	—
Combat, 3 yrs.	—	—	—	—	6 1
Colcord, 6 yrs.	6 6	—	—	—	—
Coromandel II., 4 yrs.	6 11	—	6 12	—	—
Cradle, aged.	7 2	—	—	—	—
Cylinder, 3 yrs.	—	—	6 4	—	6 3
Dean, The, 4 yrs.	—	—	—	7 7	—
D'Estournel colt, out of Thosa, 3 yrs.	—	5 10	—	—	—
Dunmow, 5 yrs.	7 8	—	—	—	—
Duval, 3 yrs.	—	—	6 2	5 9	—
Edelweiss, 3 yrs.	—	5 7	6 2	5 10	—
Elf King, 4 yrs.	6 11	—	7 0	—	—
Elderberry, 3 yrs.	—	—	5 10	—	—
Espada, 3 yrs.	—	—	—	5 7	5 7
Faleetto, 4 yrs.	—	9 3	8 12	8 12	—
Fanfare, 4 yrs.	6 13	—	—	—	—
Fashion, 3 yrs.	—	5 9	6 3	5 11	5 7
Fiddlestring, 5 yrs.	8 3	—	—	—	—
Flavian, 5 yrs.	6 7	—	—	—	—
Flavius, 4 yrs.	7 6	—	—	—	—
Fontarabian, aged.	6 7	—	—	—	—
Fortitude, 4 yrs.	—	—	7 0	—	—
Frier Rush, 4 yrs.	6 4	—	—	—	—
Genista, 3 yrs.	5 9	—	—	—	—
Geraldine, 3 yrs.	—	6 8	6 9	—	—
Gli Blas, 3 yrs.	—	—	6 9	—	—
Glanmoor, 6 yrs.	—	—	—	—	6 7
Goody Two Shoes, 3 yrs.	—	—	5 13	—	5 10
Henry George, 3 yrs.	—	—	6 7	—	—
Hermil filly, out of Musket's dam, 3 yrs.	—	—	5 7	—	—
Hermil filly, out of Salamanca, 4 yrs.	6 6	—	—	—	—
Herzogovina, 4 yrs.	—	—	—	—	6 7
Horizon, 3 yrs.	5 8	—	—	—	—
Humbert, 4 yrs.	—	—	—	—	7 4
Inval, 5 yrs.	—	—	—	8 5	—
Jagellon, 6 yrs.	—	7 7	—	—	—
Japonica, 4 yrs.	—	7 12	8 6	—	—
Jester, 3 yrs.	—	—	—	—	5 7
John Knox, 3 yrs.	5 7	—	—	—	—
King Duncan, 4 yrs.	6 10	6 13	6 12	—	—
Kineton, aged.	—	—	—	7 12	—
Lace Shawl, 4 yrs.	6 0	—	—	—	—
Lady Blanche, 5 yrs.	6 9	—	—	—	—
La Merville, 5 yrs.	—	—	8 4	—	—
Larlington, 4 yrs.	7 6	—	—	—	—
Loeville, 4 yrs.	—	—	7 2	—	—

Lincolnshire, 5 yrs.	7 6	—	—	—	—
Linden, 4 yrs.	6 8	—	—	—	—
Lucetta, 4 yrs.	—	7 3	7 4	—	—
Maccaroni, 4 yrs.	6 7	—	—	—	—
Maid of Orleans, 3 yrs.	—	—	6 6	—	—
Mar, 4 yrs.	—	—	7 10	6 12	—
Marce Anthony, 3 yrs.	—	—	6 8	—	—
Martville, 3 yrs.	5 7	—	—	5 7	—
Maseena, 4 yrs.	—	—	7 5	—	—
Master Kidare, 5 yrs.	—	—	9 2	—	—
Midlothian, 6 yrs.	7 10	—	7 9	—	—
Mistake, 3 yrs.	—	—	6 12	6 12	—
Moofoot, 5 yrs.	—	—	—	7 11	—
My Delight, 4 yrs.	6 11	—	6 12	—	—
Nereld, 3 yrs.	—	—	6 5	—	—
Organist, aged.	6 5	—	6 10	6 10	—
Othello, 6 yrs.	6 5	—	—	6 12	6 6
Pappoose 3 yrs.	5 13	—	6 4	—	—
Parineau or Cremorne, colt, out of	—	—	—	—	—
Doekin, 3 yrs.	—	5 7	—	—	—
Parole, aged.	9 0	9 0	9 4	—	8 9
Peter, 4 yrs.	8 12	—	—	—	—
Petronel, 3 yrs.	—	—	6 10	—	—
Phylammon, 6 yrs.	—	—	—	7 9	—
Placida, 6 yrs.	8 11	—	—	—	—
Proctor, 3 yrs.	—	—	6 6	—	—
Prologue, 4 yrs.	—	7 7	7 10	7 10	—
Quakeress, 4 yrs.	—	—	—	6 2	—
Quicksilver, 5 yrs.	6 6	—	—	—	—
Ragman, 4 yrs.	7 4	—	7 7	—	—
Reef, 5 yrs.	—	—	—	7 7	—
Reward, 3 yrs.	—	5 7	—	—	—
Rhidoroch, 6 yrs.	—	—	—	8 0	8 2
Robbie Burns, 4 yrs.	8 12	—	—	8 13	—
Roehampton, aged.	—	—	—	9 2	—
Rosalind, 4 yrs.	—	—	—	7 0	6 3
Roscius, 4 yrs.	6 5	—	—	—	—
Rosierian colt, out of Duches, 3 yrs.	—	—	6 0	—	—
Roy Cross, 6 yrs.	7 13	—	7 7	—	—
Sabretache, 3 yrs.	5 7	5 7	5 7	—	—
Sarsaparilla, 4 yrs.	6 8	—	—	5 7	—
Scapegrace, 4 yrs.	—	—	7 0	—	—
Schoolboy, 3 yrs.	—	6 0	6 0	5 9	—
See Saw colt, out of Mrs. Waller, 3 yrs.	—	—	5 7	—	—
Serling, 4 yrs.	—	—	—	6 3	—
Simba, 4 yrs.	—	6 9	6 12	—	—
Sly Dance, 3 yrs.	6 4	—	6 10	—	—
Sombiero, 3 yrs.	—	—	5 10	—	—
Slover, 4 yrs.	—	—	—	6 2	—
Speculation, 6 yrs.	6 12	—	—	—	—
Speculum, colt out of Bobbin Around, 4 yrs.	—	—	5 7	—	5 10
Squaw, 4 yrs.	6 3	—	6 12	—	—
Star, 3 yrs.	—	5 12	—	5 10	—
Stitchery, 4 yrs.	6 10	7 2	7 4	—	—
Sunburn, 4 yrs.	7 13	—	—	—	—
Sun of York, 4 yrs.	6 11	—	7 0	—	—
Sword Dance, 3 yrs.	—	5 13	—	5 12	—
Toastmaster, 3 yrs.	—	—	6 12	—	—
Tower and Sword, 2 yrs.	7 2	—	—	—	—
Thrinol, 4 yrs.	6 9	—	7 0	—	—
Uk, 3 yrs.	—	—	5 7	—	5 7
Valentino, 3 yrs.	—	—	6 9	—	—
Vegetarian, 4 yrs.	7 6	—	7 7	—	—
Victor Chief, 4 yrs.	—	—	8 0	—	—
Vivandiere, 4 yrs.	—	—	7 7	—	—
Wallenstein, 3 yrs.	6 4	6 5	6 7	6 4	—
Westbourne, 4 yrs.	—	8 10	8 0	8 2	—
Witchery, 4 yrs.	6 10	—	6 12	—	—
Whist, 4 yrs.	—	—	6 7	—	—
Whitebine, 3 yrs.	—	—	6 4	—	—
White Poppy, 4 yrs.	7 2	—	—	—	—
Woodlark, aged.	6 11	—	—	—	—
Young Calabar, 3 yrs.	—	—	—	—	6 4
Zaitinger, 3 yrs.	—	5 13	—	—	—

Rifle.

GOLD HILL, NEW DA.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—A few days since at the range of the Emmet Guards the contesting sharpshooters for the Remington Rifle, under the Creedmoor rules, made the following score:

J. C. Kane.	55 43 54 44 45 45 44
M. H. Burke.	44 53 44 44 44 44 42
W. S. Haskins.	44 53 44 44 44 44 43
D. Nevin.	45 34 44 44 44 44 43
H. Cardew.	54 44 44 44 44 44 46
Captain Lord.	54 44 44 44 44 44 43
E. Chalmers.	44 44 44 44 44 44 43
E. Boyle.	54 44 44 44 44 44 42
E. Burke.	44 44 44 44 44 44 41
F. J. Danan.	44 44 44 44 44 44 41
T. Finnegan.	44 44 44 44 44 44 42
J. D. Cannavan.	44 44 44 44 44 44 42
William Noonan.	44 44 44 44 44 44 43
P. Shields.	44 44 44 44 44 44 43
Ed. Sullivan.	44 44 44 44 44 44 46

LAKE VIEW.—Chicago, Ill.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—The following scores were shot over the range of the Lake View Rifle Club, Saturday, Feb. 21. On the medal shoot Mr. Colehour won first-class and B. E. Clarke the second class. These medals must be won three consecutive times before they can become the property of winner:

B. E. Clarke.	44 54 44 44 44 44 45 42
(Re-entry).	44 54 44 44 44 44 41
E. P. Chatfield.	44 44 44 44 44 44 41
(Re-entry).	44 44 44 44 44 44 39
J. A. Colehour.	44 44 44 44 44 44 41
(Re-entry).	44 44 44 44 44 44 39
W. L. Rosa.	44 44 44 44 44 44 39
(Re-entry).	33 44 44 44 44 44 39
F. J. Lang.	44 44 44 44 44 44 38
(Re-entry).	44 44 44 44 44 44 36
F. Clarke.	44 44 44 44 44 44 38
(Re-entry).	44 44 44 44 44 44 38

GARDNER, MASS.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—Following are the scores of the members of Gardner Rifle Club, at Hackmatack Range, February 14, using the inch ring and Creedmoor combined.

	R.	C.	H.	O.	Total.
H. C. Knowlton.	78	44	80	46	158 90
G. F. Ellsworth.	80	44	78	46	158 89
Chester Hinds.	83	42	83	47	146 89
I. N. Dodge.	66	42	75	43	141 85
C. O. Bent.	71	43	70	41	141 84
F. E. Nichols.	70	43	65	42	135 85
Chas. Shumway.	44	40	66	42	110 82
C. E. Merritt.	37	25	38	39	75 64
J. E. Newton.	69	44	—	—	drawn.

BOSTON, MASS.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—The score of the M. R. A. at Walnut Hill on February 21, was as follows:

E. F. Richardson.	45 55 55 55 55 55 49
W. Charles.	55 55 55 55 55 55 48
W. H. Jackson.	55 55 55 55 55 55 48
J. Nichols.	44 55 55 55 55 55 46
W. Howard.	44 55 55 55 55 55 45
C. R. Griffing.	54 55 55 55 55 55 44
E. B. Souther.	54 55 55 55 55 55 44
S. Wilder.	34 45 45 45 45 45 44
G. Warren.	54 44 45 45 45 45 43
G. C. Arthur.	45 43 44 44 44 44 42

ELGIN, ILL.—*Editor Chicago Field*.—Following is our score of Feb. 20; not very good, because of bad wind.

John J. Clark.	34 44 42 44 44 44 37
Monroe Silver.	53 43 44 44 44 44 38
Ed. Silver.	04 45 43 44 44 44 36
H. Holthausen.	43 44 44 44 44 44 38
L. Freeman.	34 44 44 44 44 44 31
E. Ketchum.	44 42 35 44 44 44 38
W. D. Hillis.	43 45 44 44 44 44 40
Chas. E. Lightner.	33 44 44 44 44 44 37

MY GOOD WOMAN.—Why are you so out of sorts, never able to tell folks that you are well? Ten to one it's all caused in the first place by habitual constipation, which has no doubt finally caused deranged Kidneys and Liver. The sure cure for Constipation, is the celebrated Kidney-Wort. It is also a specific remedy for all Kidney and Liver diseases. Thousands are cured by it every month. Try it at once.—(Adv.)

KENNEL, Continued from Page 39.

Sales.

BLUE DASH—JOLLY MAY WHEELPS.—Mr. John Strohm Vail, Iowa, has sold the following whelps of his Blue Dash—Jolly May litter: Mr. Geo. B. Clason, Milwaukee; Mr. W. G. Town, Elgin, Ill.; and Mr. Ed. Knell, Moline, Ill., each a bitch; Mr. C. E. Price, Vail, Iowa; Mr. A. P. McCaul, Denison, Iowa; Mr. W. C. Walter, Blair, Neb.; Mr. F. E. Barnard, Chicago; Mr. W. G. Town, Elgin, Ill.; and Mr. J. W. Strohm, Vail, Iowa, each a dog, whelped Oct. 20, 1879.

UNITED STATES KENNEL SALES.—Mr. Wm. Vile, St. Louis, Mo., has sold to Mr. J. M. Day, Mexia, Texas, Count V. by Brussels (Lelcester—Dart) out of Peri V. (France—Russia); to Mr. E. M. Conden, Houma, La., Noble V. by Brussels, out of Peri V.; to Mr. I. Yearsley, Jr., Coatsville, Pa., a bitch puppy, by France, out of Zita; also to same, Bonanza V., by France, out of Zita.

VICEROY.—Mr. W. W. Smith, Raleigh, N. C., has purchased from Mr. Henry W. Livingston, New York, the lemon and white pointer dog puppy Viceroi, whelped Nov. 24, 1879, by Orgill's champion Rush (Flake—Lillie) out of Livingston's Rose (champion Snapshot—Gypsy).

Visits.

DUCK—BARNEY.—Mr. J. H. Whitman's Irish water spaniel bitch Duck (King of the River—Queen) to imported Barney.

LADIE—KING CHARLIE.—Mess

Fish and Fishing.

BY FRED MATHER.

A Few Pike and a Pickerel.

CHAPTER I.

The note said: "You are getting so musty with working in books, writing about fish, studying them in books and from old alcoholic specimens, that a committee of your friends, consisting of Jack, Tom and A., have decided that you must be aired. A. declares that you have not wet a line this Winter and so we have sent provisions up to Jack's shooting box to last a week or more; we have plenty of bait and railroad tickets, and you are going. Meet us at the railroad station at 8 a. m. to-morrow. Fall at our peril!"

The signature was that of an old friend and fellow angler of former days, and what could we do but go? The order was imperative and when a man gets into that state when his friends think it best to take his case in hand and decide for him when he needs not only his clothing but his brain aired, the best thing for him to do is to submit quietly. For fear that we might forget it we wrote the hour upon the cuff of the left arm, our day book from whence all entries are transferred to various ledgers when the laundress comes, and underneath it we find these lines:

— Oh! now! for a while,
Farewell the goose-gull; farewell deck;
Farewell, CHICAGO FIELD, and Fish Commissions,
That keep my nose to grindstone: Oh, farewell!
Farewell dissecting scalpel, and the microscope,
The alcoholic suckers,* the jaw-breaking terms,
Deceptive synonyms, and all revisions,
Restorations, and literature of ichthyology!
And oh! you printing presses, whose rude throats
Some day will split in crying, "copy,"
Farewell! We're goin' a-fishin'.

And we went. Passing the salutations at the station, and the three hours' ride by rail to an obscure country station where Jack's faithful old Forester met us with a wagon, for there was no snow, we will introduce the crowd. Jack, a wealthy shipowner and proprietor of a large tract of uncultivated land in the wilds of — county, to whose lakes and shooting box we were bound, a young man who has been too much absorbed in play shooting to have his attention called to the quieter and peaceful ways of angling; but as the shooting season is over, he is anxious to wet a line, more to get out of the city and sit by the big log fire-place than for the fishing. He thinks there are some fish in the lake. "Some call them pike, others say they are muscalonge and a third party declares they are pickerel. Blamed I know what they are only that 'Daddy' caught one that weighed thirteen pounds last Winter. Didn't you Daddy?"

"Daddy," the old forester who was driving, removed his pipe long enough to reply, "Deed I did, an' thirteen good pounds, too, he weighed at the store scales. I calls him a pike, like what he used to catch in the h'old country."

The veteran angler, whom we call "A," who was one of the progressive school who like to follow out all the distinctions and relationships of their game, and are not content with mere slaughter, remarked: "The American pike so closely resembles that of Europe, the *Esox lucius*, that the ichthyologists have recognized the likeness in calling ours *Esox lucioideus*. I believe I am right!" added he, appealing to the "authority" of the party, whom it may be as well to designate as "X." The latter said: "The latest authorities find no differences sufficient to separate them, consequently the termination *oides*, or likeness, is now dropped and the fish of the two continents considered as one species."

Tom, the younger of the party put in his oar with: "I don't see the use of all this Greek and Latin; all I want is to catch a fish, and eat it, if I want to, and what difference it makes whether it is called a pike, a pickerel, or a mud-hen, I don't care, much less what its name is in Latin."

"Do you care to be understood when you talk?" inquired A, with a wink at the listeners. "You remember how indignant you were at your Canadian boatman last Summer, who would call your pickerel a 'pike,' and your 'pike' a 'pickerel.' You came out strong then on what you were pleased to call an absurdity."

"It was absurd," retorted Tom, "to just take the names and reverse them. I know what a pickerel is, and have heard it called so all my life, and I know it's right."

"Certainly," said A, "and the Canadian has heard it called a pike all his life, and he knows it is right, too, and further, he has the usage of centuries on his side, while you have only the custom of a limited district; besides your term 'pickerel' means a little pike, how can you conscientiously apply it to a ten-pounder?"

"He calls a 'wall-eyed pike' a 'pickerel,' said Tom, dodging the question."

"It does not matter so much what he does," replied A, "he is not present and has not been criticizing things which he don't know anything about, so you have, and the fish which you mentioned as a 'wall-eyed pike,' is not a pike at all; not even distantly connected with them. It has spinous fin rays which no pike has. It is called a 'salmon' on the Mississippi, but that don't make one."

"What is it, then?"

"It is a perch; sometimes called the pike-perch from its rosette. There are two or three species of them, and their nearest relative is the common yellow perch. How's that, X?" at the one appealed to was down in the wagon with his head under the buffalo-robe, and heard not the question, and soon the wagon stopped in front of a small gothic house, among the pines, and the journey was made. Jack welcomed the party to his shooting box, and a warm dinner met with a cordial reception.

After dinner Daddy got out the axes and the bait, while the others, which were already rigged were divided, and the party stepped on the back door almost onto the ice, where the skates were trapped on and away they went. The ice being only five inches thickness, the holes were quickly cut and each one had ten feet in the water in about an hour; each line having a "tip-up" which raised a little flag when a fish pulled on the bait. Time passed, and the skaters spun around to keep warm, when suddenly Jack went up and Jack swooped down upon it and by a sudden jerk landed his hook upon the ice without fish or bait. "Too slick," shouted A, "you never gave him time to pouch his bait, he tore the hook from his mouth, as though you did not intend to have it." Another flag rose. "Here," he continued, "come over here and see how to handle them. Now he rushes and I let him have it by throwing off the hook from the tip-up, now he jumps and is about to throw out the minnow in order to get it and first in his mouth again; look down the clear water into the weeds off to the left, there; he throws it out, and again takes now he begins to gorge it, and now I strike!" After a short struggle the fish was brought to ice, and the hook baited again. For more fish were taken, when the darkness interfered with the flags, and the horn blew for supper. Jack proposed

to leave the lines in all night, but A objected, as it was not sportsmanlike.

After supper the game was inspected and "A" asked: "Tom, what do you call these fish?"

"Pickerel."

"All pickerel?"

"Yes."

"I see two different fish here."

"Can't help it; they're pickerel."

"A." laid four large fish of four to six pounds together, whose gray sides were splashed with oval white spots, and a smaller one of two pounds weight whose yellowish sides were overlaid with a moderately regular black net-work, and called his attention to the differences. "This one," said he, "may well be called a pickerel, but, as we want to distinguish our fishes, the other four are lake pike, or pike without the prefix."

"X." had been listening patiently, and being appealed to for support of A's propositions, said: "That is very true, and now, Tom, come here and take a first lesson in ichthyology. What 'A.' has said is true as far as it goes, and it goes as far as that superficial observer, the ordinary angler usually does; but these colors vary; that yellowish cast changes to green in some waters and those white spots are not always plain. If you will look at this smaller fish with the black net-work on its sides, you will notice that its cheek and opercle, or gill-cover, are both covered with scales. The fish is called *Esox reticulatus* the first, or generic, name being the old Latin name for pike and the specific one from reticula, a net. These larger fish with the white spots have scales on the cheek, but none on the lower part of the opercle; they are the "pike" of Europe, *Esox lucius*, from *luz*, light, the same root as lucid, probably from their quick flash when seizing their prey. But never mind so much about the scientific names; they will come right afterward, first get a clear idea of the things themselves, so that you understand that the two fish are really as different as a trout and a salmon."

Tom gave in that they were distinct, "when you come to look at them; but who'd ever think to look to see if a fish had scales on his cheek or not?"

"You will," answered Jack, "and I must confess that I have got interested in this fish question, and would like to know how many kinds there are in the lake. To-morrow we will try them again, and now I propose that we light our pipes and get out the chess boards."

And so the evening was put in until it was time for tired legs, that had been innocent of skates for many years, to stretch under the blankets, and as the fishing which followed required other days, we will take other chapters to tell it in.

Gameness of the Pickerel (*Esox*).

I have asked myself the question often which I enjoy the most, hunting or fishing, and have come to the conclusion that I am unable to answer the question definitely. If I am shooting I would not change for fishing as long as there was a chance of getting a good shot, or if it is fishing, and there is a prospect of their biting, I would stay with the fish all day. I well remember my first catch, a horned dace on a banded pin for a hook, a twig for a rod, and piece of string for a line, and I am sure the event gave me as much satisfaction as any fish I have ever taken since, for I can remember it as well as if but yesterday, although many years have passed since then. I have filled my creel with speckled trout, and the occasion has passed from my memory until reminded by some friend who perhaps mentions the fine time we had on such or such a trip; but that one big horned dace often looms up in my memory like a whale, and I took it for one when I landed it on the bank of the creek.

They say fishing is luck! I have put in many a day fishing, and I assure you, like hunting, it is not luck alone; it is necessary for a successful sportsman to have brains, and he must use them too; I doubt though if head-work alone, without experience, would be a success, as one must know the habits of the object of his pursuit, the kind of water, whether a stream, a pond, or lake, whether deep or shallow, swift or still water; if a stream, the time of year, kind of day and weather. I shall not attempt to tell how to fish all of the above for the different kinds, even if all fish were supposed to inhabit such waters. I merely propose to describe fishing for the great northern pickerel (*Esox lucius*).

Give me an eighteen or twenty foot rod, with just the right spring or elasticity to it, a reel that will hold fifty or seventy-five feet of good braided linen line, a half dozen Buel's or Thompson's hooks, a gaff, a warm cloudy day in the latter part of June, or first of July, or in the Fall when the first frosts make their appearance; let me choose some of the many northern lakes or ponds, and if I don't show you sport, then I will take back all I have said, and own up that fishing is all luck.

In the Fall of '78 I paid a visit to some friends in Genesee Co., Mich., and enjoyed hunting the ruffed grouse and squirrels; and taking black bass and pickerel from the many little lakes. The time passed swiftly and my rambles led me to the little town of Howburg, on the Shiawassee, where wood-ducks and partridges were quite plenty; besides the large pond, formed by damming the stream and flooding many acres, struck me as just the place for some capital sport with rod and line. My friend John being busy with the labors of his farm, I agreed to try the fish alone and if successful John would go along next day and paddle the boat; the day was just right, being cloudy, with a light breeze from the southwest; a walk of less than a mile from my friend's house brought me to the lower end of the pond where the surplus water passed through a waste weir under a bridge, below which was a fine deep pool, and another large pool between the grist-mill and the saw-mill. I fastened my reel to my rod firmly, ran the line through the guides, looped the end, overhauled my hooks, a collection of Buel's, and Thompson's spinning fly-baits and selected a medium size (No. 2), touched up the points with a small file, attached it to the loop at the end of the line, made my gaff-hook fast in the socket of the handle, stepped out on the bridge, ran off about forty feet of line and began casting. After being satisfied that my hook worked well and everything was right I made a long cast to the lower end of the pool, drawing slowly to let the hook settle well down in the deep eddy. I could feel the spinning of the hook, knowing by experience just the right motion to give it. As the hook settled well down there was a heavy tug; a quick sharp jerk of the rod, and I had him fast. First there was a rush for an old sunken log, the line cutting through the water with a sharp hiss, but by a hard, gradual pull, the fish was guided away from the snag; then there was a rush down stream, but by slowly easing off more line, he was turned head up again; all the old tricks were tried, such as jumping out of the water, sulking to the bottom, trying to get under some old log and running up and down stream. I finally coaxed him to be led near enough to the bank so that I could alight the gaff under him with the point upward when with a quick sharp pull I landed him safe on the bank, where he proved to be a seven-pound pickerel, the many large oblong spots and widely-distended tail and fins making him look grand. After examining my hook and making one of the points sharp again that had been turned up a little by the hard, bony mouth of the fish, getting my line all right again and taking a moment's rest, I commenced casting to other parts of the pool, and in drawing along below a deep sunken log there was a second rush, a flash of fins

and a tug again, then another fight similar to the first which resulted in landing another six-and-a-half-pound fish of a lighter color, no doubt the female companion of the first, and thinking the pool had been disturbed too much to expect another rise I went over to the upper end of the large pool between the mills and succeeded in landing two more pickerel, one of nine and one of three pounds, also three large-mouthed black bass, by which time several farmers who had come to the mill to have a grist ground, and some of the citizens had collected to see the sport, and wonder at the new fangled mode of taking fish which they could only secure with the spear and jack in the bow of a boat at night, or were fortunate enough to get with a minnow. By the time I had taken another large pickerel from the lake above the weir, they were crowding around so close that it was difficult to make a cast, so I did up my tackle, cut a forked twig, strung my captures, and arrived at John's in time for supper. But didn't John's eyes "bug out" at sight of the fish! He said "that clover seed may go for to-morrow, rain or not, I'm going to see how you do that, old boy." "All right," said I, "I'll show you more fun than you ever had in one day, if the weather is favorable."

John was at the store, near the mills, that evening, getting a supply of tobacco, and the main topic was a fellow from the East that day, "who had just snatched the fish out, below the mills, with some new kind of fixing he had on his line;" besides, he had "a little wheel on his poles full of line, and he could throw it half way across the pond," which was nearly half a mile wide. They concluded if they got any more fish from that pond they must go and spear them that very night. I learned next day that after fishing most all night, they had only secured one fish.

The next morning, the farm chores were all finished, an early breakfast swallowed, and we were off to the pond with a neighbor who agreed to carry all that was taken, an undertaking he could not fulfill, though he was a large, strong man. The day was as propitious as the one previous, a little darker, perhaps, as the clouds had thickened up and threatened a drizzling rain. Two fine pickerel were secured by casting from the bank, while John was getting the boat cleared of the night before's rubbish of hickory bark, etc., used by the spearing party. In fishing the channel, which was perhaps twenty feet deep, an old monster of a pickerel was struck, which, before he was secured, disabled the rod so that it needed repairs, and before noon the heavy strains and tugging of the many heavy fish disabled it entirely. We had got enough fish for the neighbors and ourselves, all that us three could tote, besides fun enough to last a good while. I am sure I never tasted better fish in my life than the great northern pickerel of the spring waters of Michigan, and many a day's sport I had in the same lake, with Glen to paddle the boat while I cast in all directions from the bow. I can now see those huge jaws coming up from the dark clear water, wide open, the thick set teeth and the eye glistening as they rush after the bright, spinning, silvered and feathered hook. I once took from the Mendon ponds, Monroe Co., N. Y., a pickerel weighing twenty-four pounds, which gave two of us about all we could do to safely land in the boat, and an eight-and-a-fourth-pound black bass from Log Pond, Livingston Co., N. Y., towed myself and boat a lively gait, at one time, but was finally secured. How large these pickerel grow is hard to tell, for I have had them get away with a good share of my tackle, and if anyone can find a fish more gamy than they are in Black Creek, N. Y., or any spring water that I have fished in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio or Michigan, I don't know where they can be found, always excepting the muscalonge of the North, or the salmon. KINGFISHER.

My First Salmon.

One fine Spring morning in the month of April saw me trudging, with a creel over my shoulder, up to the station to catch a train which would take me a few miles up the river Tweed to the small village of C—m. Before starting I had taken good care to supply myself with sundry creature comforts in the form of a slight lunch (not forgetting the fisherman), which was carefully packed in my creel. On arriving at the station I found I had some ten minutes to wait, so I entered into conversation with the station-master, who is accounted a very successful trout angler.

"Nice fishing morning, Mr. Doune," said I.

"Yes, sir," he answered, "but I am afraid the sun will come out rather too bright toward the middle of the day."

"Oh! I hope not, as I should like to have a good day's sport."

"Well, sir, if anyone catches them to-day you ought, as you are going to one of the best fishings on the Tweed; but here is your train, sir, and I hope you will have good sport."

So saying he showed me into a carriage, and in a short time I arrived at my destination. I still, however, had about a mile to walk before I reached the banks of "bonnie Tweed." I soon passed over this distance, as eagerness to commence lent wings to my feet, and a short way from the water I found the fisherman waiting for me.

"Good morning, Tommy," said I.

"Gude morning, sir."

"Well, what do you think of the day?"

"I'm thinking the day will dae vara weel, if the bit wind will keep up; but let's get started at once."

So saying he led the way down to the boat, which was moored a few yards off. The river at this part presents to the eye a very striking bit of scenery. A few yards above where we were standing the water runs quite slowly, but there it suddenly takes a turn, swirling in under a lofty bank which towers above it, and rushes over three big stones, giving to this cast the name of the "Three Stones." But to return from this digression. I stepped into the boat, and, taking out my fly book, I said, "What fly shall I try first, Tommy?"

"Weel, I think a 'Jock Scot' will dae as weel as ony, but mind it is a sma' ane, sir."

"So, looking through my book, I found there was one of the required size. It was soon soaked and looped on to the casting line."

"Noo, sir, are ye ready? I'm no coming into the boat, as the stream's sae heavy, but I'll just tow, sir."

So saying, he shoved the boat into the middle of the stream, and I at once commenced. It was no use, however; I fished all down this likely looking cast without seeing a fin.

"I am afraid we are going to have bad luck to-day," said I, on coming to land.

"Oh, but it's early yet, sir. Sae we'll just gie her anither flee down."

"Well, what is it to be?"

"Let me see your flee book a minute, till I see what anea ye've gotten. Here's a Greenwell. I'm thinking it'll dae as gude as ony."

So Greenwell was soon slipped on, and I began again at the head of the pool. Before I had had my line in the water two minutes I felt it tighten. Whirr went the reel and away went the fish. I immediately heard Tommy's triumphant voice behind me, crying:

"You've gotten him a hodie noo, and a big ane he is. Dinna hod him sae tight; gie him time, as the gut's thin!"

So, complying with his directions, I let the line run. I soon

*Pickers of genus *Catostomus*, not *Homo*, the latter only take alcoholic.

Kennel.

Kennel Fixtures for 1860.

BENCH SHOWS.

Westminster Kennel Club Fourth Annual Show, Gilmore's Garden
New York, April 27, 28 and 29.
St. Louis Kennel Club, St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 5, 6, 7 and 8.

FIELD TRIALS.

English Kennel Club Field Trials, first week in May, 1860.
Eastern Field Trials Club's Second Annual Trials, Robins Island,
Peconic Bay, L. I., Nov. 16, 1860.
National American Kennel Club's Second Annual Field Trials, third
week in November, 1860.

The Illustrated Book of the Dog.

BY VERO SHAW, B. A., CANTAB. AS-
SISTED BY THE LEADING BREED-
ERS OF THE DAY.

(Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.,
Publishers.)

CHAPTER VI. THE MASTIFF.

The mastiff occupies an undoubtedly high position in the canine world; and there are not wanting many of its partisans who solemnly avow that there exist unmistakable proofs of its being *par excellence* the national dog of the country. With this somewhat ambitious boast we confess ourselves unable to agree for reasons which can be gone into hereafter; but there can be no possible difference of opinion as regards the extreme antiquity of the breed, mention having been frequently made of it by many of the earliest classic writers. Considerable confusion appears to have existed formerly between this dog and the bulldog, for the descriptions we find in various writers of the Molossus—a name which was conferred upon this breed in consequence of its supposed origin in Molossis, in Greece—coincide very often with those we discover elsewhere of the bulldog. According to Edmund de Langley, in his MS. "The Mayster of Game," published in the fourteenth century, two distinct breeds of dogs, the Molossus and the Alaunt, were in existence. The former appears to have been reserved for the guardianship of persons and property, whilst the latter, described by him as a *short-headed* dog, pugnacious and gifted with an inclination to hang on to anything attacked by it, was used for baiting the bull. Linnæus, in the classification which he has drawn up, on the other hand, describes the bulldog as coming under the classification of *Canis molossus*, whilst the mastiff is in the next section under the title of *Canis anglicus*, also called *Canis bellicosus*, and by Ray, *Canis mastivus*. Dr.

this were the case, by selecting suitable specimens to breed from they had it in their power to produce a large-framed loud-voiced dog, specially adapted for the guardianship of dwellings, or a smaller animal suitable in every degree for baiting bulls, a use to which the larger variety could hardly be put on account of his great size.

There are not wanting others who, with a show of justice, contend that the now almost extinct Irish wolfhound—a dog combining something of the appearance of the mastiff with that of the rough greyhound—was the original dog sought after by the Romans, and whose prowess was sung of by their poets. Leaving this point, however, as one incapable of solution, we shall here assume that the bulldog and mastiff had much of common paternity, if they did not diverge from one common ancestor; the mastiff being the larger and coarser variety, and the bulldog the sturdier, lesser, and more active; and both admirably suited for the work to which they were put.

An excellent engraving of a mastiff, and which we also reproduce, appeared in the *Sportsman's Repository*, edited by John Scott, and published in London, 1820. This dog would unquestionably fall to take a prize at one of our modern shows; but still the portrait is valuable, if only for the conclusions it enables us to draw concerning the advance made upon the molossus by later mastiff breeders in the earlier part of this century. From the engraving it would clearly appear that the dogs of those earlier days had, at least, better legs and feet than our modern specimens; that is to say, if the artist who depicted the dog in question is to be trusted.

Foremost amongst the names of celebrated mastiff breeders appears that of Mr. T. H. V. Lukey, who, nearly half a century ago, first turned his attention to the breeding of this dog, and whose strain on all sides has been most eagerly sought after by breeders and exhibitors alike. Closely following the name of Mr. Lukey are those of Capt. Garner, Lord Darnley, Rev. J. Rowe, Miss Aglionby, Mrs. Rawlinson, Mr. E. Field, Bill George, of Kensal New Town, Miss Hales, the Rev. J. W. Mellor, Messrs. A. S. de Fivas, John Hartley, Octavius Green, T. W. Allen, J. Parkinson, J. Morris, C. T. Harris, and E. Nichols, of Brook Green. One or two of these have had to overcome great difficulties in want of space, since care and experience alone cannot in the long run contend successfully against want of fresh air and exercise, and this breed, of all others, requires the utmost attention in its early days, so as to enable it to grapple successfully against the tendency to become cow-hocked. The blemish in question, in fact, appears to be considerably on the increase amongst mastiffs of the present day, if those which appear at shows fairly represent the breed. Mr. Edgar Hanbury, of Highworth, Wilts, has bred some splendid dogs—Prince, by



FIG. 24.—CANIS MOLOSSUS.



FIG. 25.—CANIS MOLOSSUS.

(Both Figures Copied from "Icones Animalium.")

According to many eminent breeders of mastiffs with whom we have had conversation, the Lyme Hall breed is considered the purest and most valuable strain of blood in the kingdom; but owing to the jealousy with which it has always been guarded by the Legh family, to which it belongs, the general public have been unable to judge of its merits by either personal observation or experience. We ourselves are of the opinion that the value of the strain must be considerably less than it is usually estimated at, since the breed must have greatly deteriorated by inbreeding. Nothing, however, could be more remote from our object than any wish to cast a slur on the Lyme Hall breed. Judiciously crossed with dogs of other strains, this blood has very frequently been the means of resuscitating a failing line, and has largely contributed toward the existence of the splendid animal now accepted as the *beau ideal* of the English mastiff. The sire of Mr. Lukey's Governor was of Lyme Hall origin; and such dogs as Mr. Hanbury's Rajah and Prince, Bill George's Tiger, Mr.

Lukey's Governor, Rajah, and his son Wolsey being conspicuous amongst the number. Mr. H. D. Kingdon, of Wilhayne, Colyton, Devon, lays claim to the possession of the pure Lyme Hall blood; but the inferiority of such of his strain as have come beneath our notice is so conspicuous when compared with the specimens of the gentlemen alluded to above, who undoubtedly do possess it, that we are impressed with the belief that if Mr. Kingdon's dogs are really more than "reputed" Lyme Hall mastiffs, they signally fail to represent the type in a manner worthy of so valuable a strain.

About the year 1872 several gentlemen interested in the breeding and exhibiting of this class of dog banded together with the object of founding the present Mastiff Club. The principal aim of this society was the improvement of the breed up to a standard of excellence agreed upon by the members, and show committees were to be invited to co-operate with the club in their endeavors to benefit the mastiff according to their ability. Unfortunately considerable dissatisfaction was caused by some

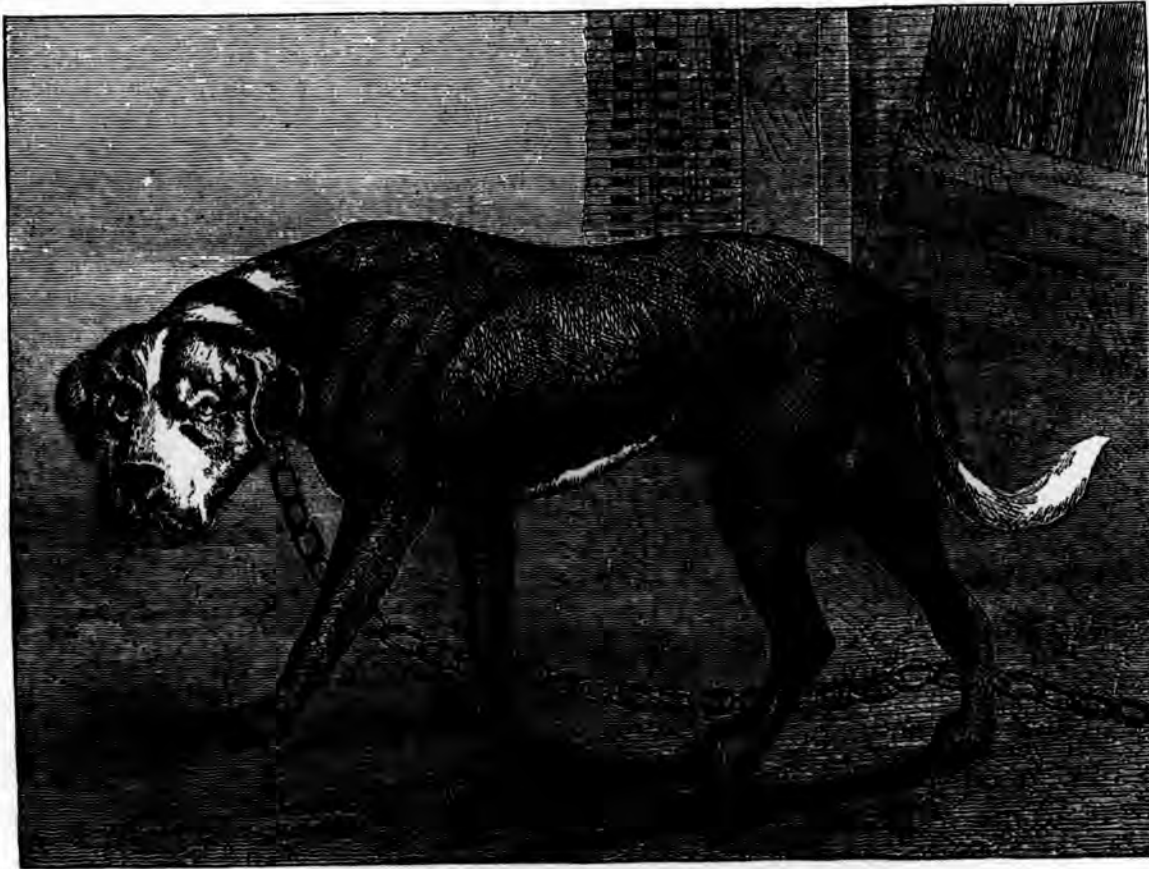
most arbitrary rules, one of which was to the effect that the members pledged themselves to exhibit at no dog show where others than members of the Mastiff Club officiated as judges of this variety. The result of this suicidal policy was an utter lack of support from breeders, and the exhibition held under their auspices in connection with the Northampton show of 1876, was only productive of four entries; an almost similar *fiasco* occurring at Bristol in the Autumn of 1877. Great exception has also been taken to the appearance of several dogs which had been exhibited by certain of the members; and though we are not able to state positively what is the exact standard aimed at by the club, we are, from the specimens shown by them, in a position to form an opinion concerning their type, which is not at all in harmony with that held by the members of the Mastiff Club.

Before leaving the subject of famous mastiff exhibitors, it might be as well to add the names of some of those best known dogs from whom our future champions are destined to spring, and who themselves have been the heroes of many a hard-fought fight. Amongst them may be named Governor, Tiger, King, Lion, Turk, Nell, Quaker, Beauty, Rajah, Kay's Empress, Queen, Monarch, Punch, Granby, Bowness, Argus, Lottie, Nero, Countess, The Shah, Colonel, Wolsey, Cardinal, Mr. Banbury's Princess, Mab, and many others.

POINTS OF THE MASTIFF.

The following detailed description and valuation of the several principal points or characteristics of this breed will be found in accordance with the opinions of the majority, if not all, of the most prominent breeders, exhibitors, and owners of mastiffs.

General Appearance, Size, and Symmetry.—In this we have to consider the special duties of the mastiff in the present day. He is no longer a savage kept to bait "the bull, the bear, and the lion," as history (somewhat doubtful in its accuracy as to the last-named animal) informs us he was; nor the mere drudge of the butcher, to keep his wild and doomed cattle in the shambles, and fight for him when required; nor even the mere chained slave—the ban-dog of the country house—whose bay, however welcome to those who approach near home, must have had an awful sameness in it to the poor brute who, night after night, month by month, and year after year, listened to the echoes of



MASTIFF IN 1820, AS DEPICTED IN THE "SPORTSMAN'S REPOSITORY."

Wallace's Turk, and Mrs. Rawlinson's countess, have the same blood flowing in their veins. It must, however, be added that innumerable disputes have from time to time occurred between various breeders concerning certain specimens of the mastiff who are credited by their owners with Lyme Hall blood; and it is patent to the most casual observer that many of the dogs which appear at shows as laying claim to the above pedigree must either be entered wrongly by their masters, or else be very imperfect specimens of the famous Legh strain.

The famous Turk, just alluded to, was undoubtedly the champion of his day; and the highest-priced dog ever exhibited deserves more than a passing notice in this work. Five hundred pounds was the enormous sum paid for him in the earlier part of his career; and as his pedigree includes the names of many of the most famous mastiffs produced, we give it at length as a valuable reference for intending mastiff breeders. We also give an illustration, the drawing for which was made in 1874, when the dog was seven years old.

With the view of giving our readers an idea of what a real molossus was like in appearance, we copy, in figures 24 and 25, two representations from an illustrated work in the British Museum, entitled "Icones Animalium," by J. F. Riedel. It cannot be said on behalf of these illustrations that they in some points much resembled a modern mastiff, nor were they possibly intended to be more than a rough outline of what the molossus was in days gone by. There are, however, many characteristics of the mastiff in this molossus, and dogs of this variety were undoubtedly the progenitors of our modern mastiff.

Assuming, therefore, that there is some foundation for this theory, is it not most probable that persons finding themselves in possession of a huge dog gifted with the savage disposition described by Dr. Caius should be desirous of improving him into an animal a little more deserving of their attention and esteem? If

his own dismal howl as he bayed the moon, or hoarsely barked warning and defiance to all who approached with predatory aim.

Now, although there are still enough and to spare of the band-dog sort, who are by their owners called mastiffs, and may, no doubt, lay claim to a fair portion of mastiff blood, they are impure, and suffer so from the cruelty of close confinement that they lose even the characteristics of the breed, which a kinder and more judicious treatment would develop, both in physical proportion and dignity of manner, and which are essential features of a mastiff of the present day.

The mastiff always has been the special guard of man's person and property; and the qualities demanded to fill that position of trust are: Size, to impress with fear; the symmetry of well-proportioned parts evidencing a combination of strength and activity; a disposition watchful and keen, but confident in its own strength; dignified and calm, save the warning bark, which fills every echo within its reach with its full tones, so unlike the yelping of the noisy cur.

As he is now also more used as a companion and personal guard than at any time in his history, his general appearance becomes more important; for nothing looks worse than a poor, shambling, weak-jointed, cow-hocked dog. Therefore he must have size to give him a commanding appearance; a well-knit, compact frame, which gives symmetry; and the perfect condition shown in the firm flesh, clean and bright coat; while the superior feeding, grooming, and general care bestowed upon him now adds greatly to his beauty; and all combined make him the useful guard and ornament he is.

The head is, in the mastiff, even more than in most other dogs, a most prominent feature; and a dog with a bad head is at once condemned. The head is decidedly large, even in proportion to the immense carcass, although it does not now present the great contrast to the body to be seen in old prints, modern breeders having improved the dog in body from a gaunt and wolf-like to a square-built, massive animal. The head should be broad across the skull; the brow should be flat and not abrupt; the eyebrows rather prominent; the muzzle should be a medium length, cut off square, rather than deep; the lips should be full, but not so hanging as in the bloodhound; and the teeth, which should be white and strong, ought to meet as level as possible. Many good specimens are slightly undershot, which is, however, a decided blemish. Whilst on this point we may refer to some remarks once made by the Rev. G. F. Hodson, after he had judged this breed at the Alexandra Palace. On that occasion, Mr. Hodson, who had most properly turned out of the ring all the cow-hocked and undershot specimens, remarked that he was convinced good mastiffs were to be had without these defects, and he was determined not to be a party to the awarding of prizes to dogs so malformed. Subsequent events have proved the soundness of his decision.

The eye should be a medium size; it is generally a light-brown or hazel. A deeply sunken eye is objectionable, as it gives a sullen look; and if the jaw is shown, it creates a suspicion of bloodhound cross.

The ears should be small, smooth, thin, and pendent; and if black, as the mask should also be, it adds to the dog's beauty.

The neck should be strong, muscular, and of fair length, and having no dewlap on the throat.

The chest, back and loin.—The chest should be deep and moderately wide, but not so much so in proportion as his congener the bulldog, or it is apt to throw the elbows out. The back should be very strong, broad, and with strong muscles running along each side of the spine—those should be especially so connecting the back ribs with the hind-quarters. The loin is thereby broadened and strengthened; and this most desirable point is also gained by having the ribs well set back. Some strains show a tendency to a tucked-up flank, which is one of the worst faults a mastiff can possess. Both chest and loins should measure well, the latter not quite a third less than the former, and about equal to the dog's height at shoulder.

Legs and feet.—Strong and straight legs are an absolute necessity, and it is a point in which many excellent dogs fail. The fore-legs are not so often crooked as the hind-legs; but many good puppies give way at the ankle and have to be destroyed. Therefore the greatest care has to be taken in rearing this breed; and no mastiff should ever be chained if it is desired to exhibit him. Cow-hocks are also common, and a great eyesore, and this state is almost always accompanied with more or less wasting of the muscles of the hams, which gives a thin, almost wedge-like appearance to the hind-quarters. Some judges, we believe several members of the Mastiff Club included, consider dew-claws no disqualification; they are, however, most unsightly appendages, which should not be encouraged.

The color.—The recognized colors are brindle and fawn, and the latter at present holds the highest place in popular favor. When the fawn is bright, and the mask a decided black, with an entire freedom from white, the effect is very pleasing. Some of the fawns run into red, which is not so desirable, and such as are of that color are generally coarse in coat. The brindles are of various shades.

The coat should be fine, short and even, except along the shoulder, back and tail, where it is stronger and longer.

The tail should be of great length, strong at the root, and gradually lessening, but not tapered as a pointer's is.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. W. K. Taunton, the well-known and successful mastiff breeder, for the following paper on mastiff breeding:

"The following is what I consider a mastiff ought to be, and what I should endeavor to breed for: The head should be large and massive, skull perfectly flat and very wide across, the forehead well wrinkled, with a depression up the center, a good stop, the eyes small, of a light brown or hazel color, and set very wide

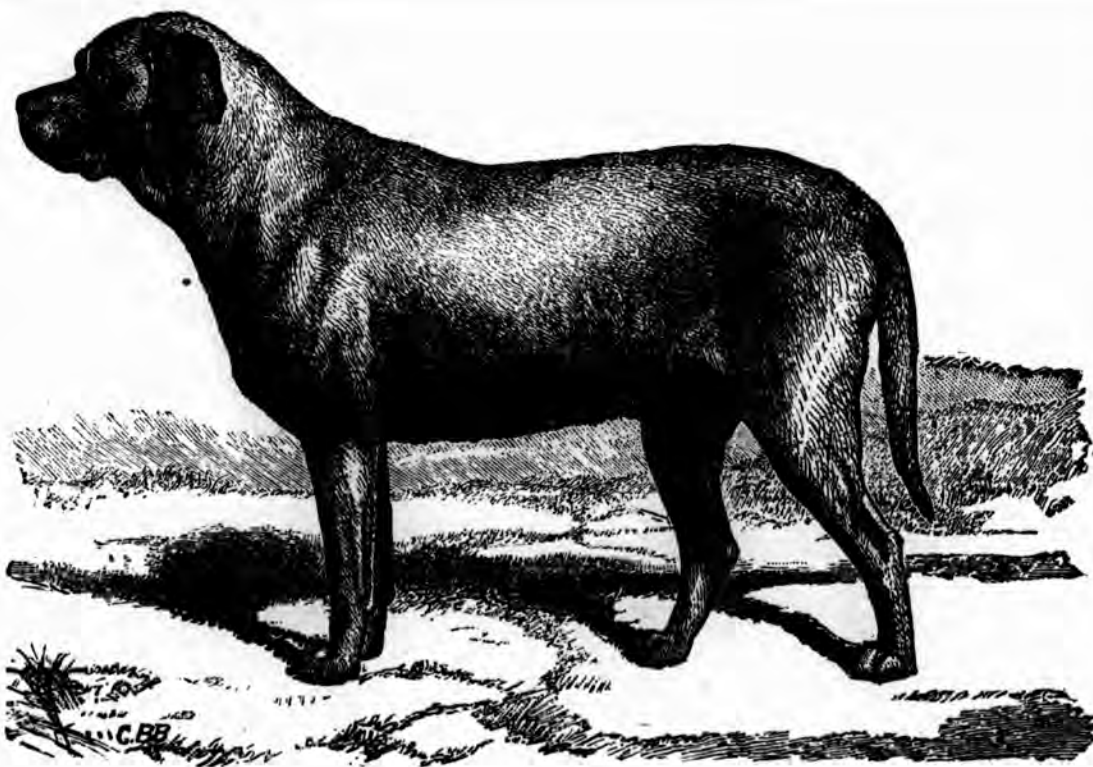
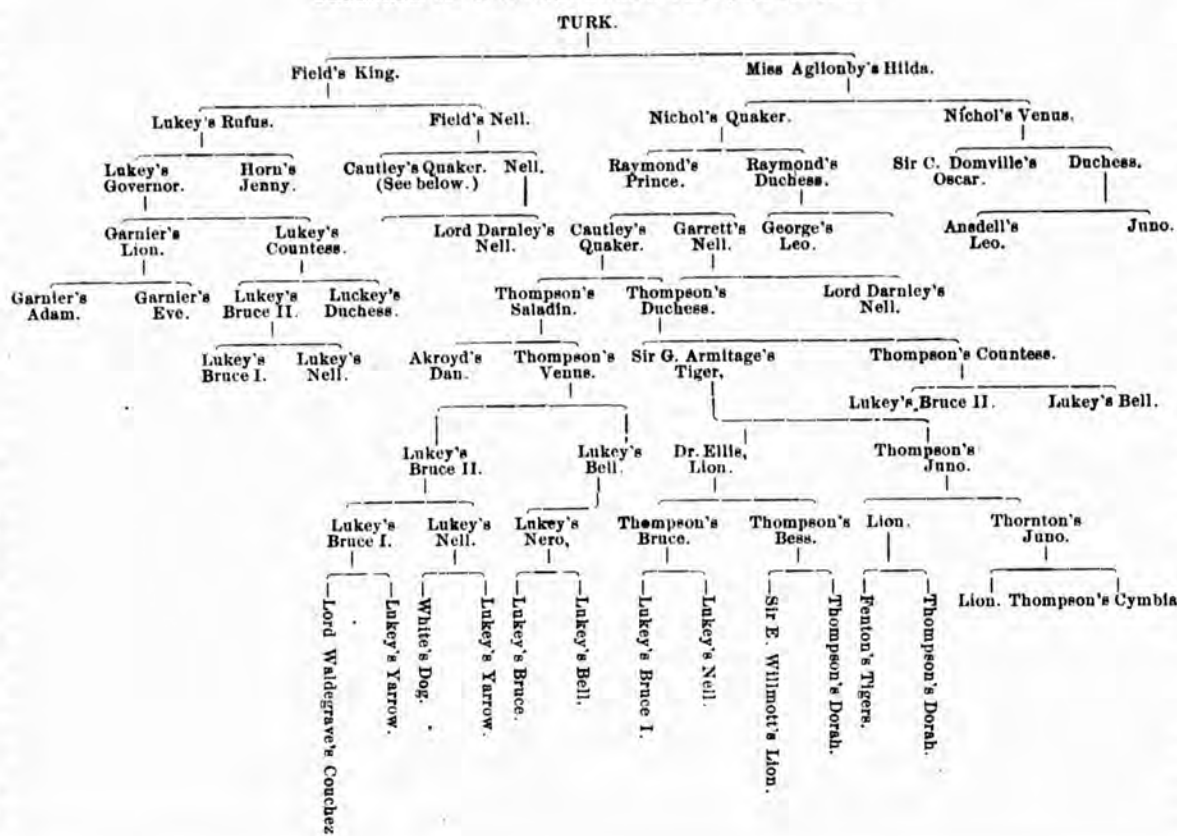
"It cannot be denied that the color most admired at the present day is fawn with black muzzle and ears, the black commencing just below the eye. At the same time, I cannot help thinking the brindle would become somewhat more popular if better specimens of this color were more frequently exhibited. I do not recollect to have seen an illustration of a brindle in any book or paper with the exception of Mr. Lukey's Wallace, and I do not hesitate to say that a very large number of the public do not recognize a mastiff when of this color. This is a fact I think to be regretted, because most of the oldest breeders and best authorities are agreed that the brindle was the original and is the true color of the mastiff, and, in the opinion of some judges, many of the finest specimens of the breed have been of this color; in addition to which, it must be admitted that most, or at least many, of our best and purest fawns are descended from brindled ancestors. I would, therefore, impress upon breeders the advisability of not neglecting this color too much, and allowing it to die out, feeling sure that, sooner or later, it will be well to have recourse to it to cross with fawn, in order to preserve the black muzzle so much admired, and without which, I fancy, the fawn will lose much of its attraction.

"It may be taken as a fact, that the female, in breeding, whether it be in the case of horses, cattle, or dogs, is quite as important an element as the male, and if it be wished to improve, or even to keep up without deterioration any breed, it will be necessary to pay quite as much if not even more attention to the quality of the dam as to that of the sire. This seems to me to be a fact too much overlooked by the committees of the various shows which are ostensibly held with a view to improve the various breeds of dogs. Yet it is but seldom that separate classes are provided for bitches; and exhibitors knowing full well that these have a poor chance of winning when in competition with dogs, it is but seldom really good specimens are to be seen. Many seem to be under the impression that in order to become successful mastiff breeders all they have to do is to obtain a bitch of some sort—good, bad, or indifferent; but if the sire be a prize winner, so much the better. They then look through the prize list to discover the dog that has won the greatest number of prizes; and in due course, without ever considering whether they are likely to suit one another or not, send their bitch to this dog, and then anxiously await the arrival of future champions. Such a plan, I need scarcely say, can but lead to disappointment ninety-nine times out of a hundred. Although there may be a litter of puppies, they will, in all probability, not repay the cost and trouble of rearing them. Good bitches are at all times scarce, and are not to be had for a mere trifle, although, of course, occasionally bargains are to be met with in these as in everything else; but it should be remembered that low-priced articles are frequently the dearest in the end.

"In selecting a bitch, particular attention should be paid to her breeding; the pedigree should be scanned carefully, to make sure she is well bred not only on the sire's but also on the dam's side, and that their ancestors, again, are descended from blood of undoubted purity. Having satisfied yourself on this point, see that the bitch is well made throughout, and likely to prove a good brood bitch; long in the body and great width across the loins. If there be any blemish, ascertain, if possible, if it be the result of accident or bad rearing, or hereditary. The new purchase having arrived home, study her carefully; not with a view to discover her good points, which will probably be apparent enough, but in order to find in what respect she is deficient. It is, in my opinion, far better to breed from a well-made bitch with a pedigree on which you can rely, but which for some reason may be an animal not capable of winning prizes, than from a bitch, perfect in appearance and winner of several first prizes, but of whose pedigree you know nothing, or as to the correctness of which you are in doubt; for it is like groping about in the dark to find out what blood will best suit her.

"The next step is to endeavor to find out the dog most likely to suit your bitch. Never mind whether he be a champion or not. Unless the bitch be very much in-bred, I would advocate selecting a dog that has a good deal of the same blood in him; and I like, if possible, to see some of his stock, taking care at the same time to ascertain what sort of bitches they are from, as this would be some assistance in forming a judgment as to whether he would be likely to suit your bitch. Endeavor to select a dog good in those points where the bitch is deficient; and if there be any special fault I wish to breed out, I should select a sire coming from a strain where this fault does not appear, or, if anything, from a strain slightly faulty in the opposite direction. What I mean is this: Supposing I had a bitch deficient in head but with good body, etc., the simple fact of putting her to a perfect

PEDIGREE OF MISS AGLIONBY'S TURK, BORN 1867.



MRS. RAWLINSON'S COUNTESS.

apart; the muzzle short and very broad, with a square, blunt finish; lips loose, and a certain amount of flews but not to the same extent as in the bloodhound; the teeth level; ears small, set on high, and carried close to the head; neck muscular, free from throatiness; chest deep, good shoulders, body rather long with large girth, well-rounded ribs, wide, strong loins, broad thighs showing plenty of muscle, fore legs perfectly straight with immense bone; feet round and close; tail tapering, not too long, and carried low. The dog should be compact and well knit together, and be the picture of muscular power and symmetry, with an open, honest countenance.

"I consider thirty to thirty-one inches a fair average height for a dog, but should prefer one thirty-two or thirty-three, provided the extra height is accompanied by a proportionate increase in bone and size throughout. The increase in the size of a dog standing thirty-two inches over one thirty inches should be far greater in proportion than the increase in size of one thirty inches over one twenty-eight inches. Size in a mastiff is a great desideratum, but not mere height alone. Bitches generally stand two to three inches lower. I like a fine coat.

headed dog would not necessarily have the desired effect of obtaining good-headed puppies, and especially so if the dog come from a strain not noted for its good heads; but if I could secure the services of a moderate-headed dog, provided I were satisfied he came from a family known to be good in this particular point, I should be more sanguine of success, although it would very probably be requisite to put a daughter of this pair to a good-headed dog of the same blood as the sire before I attained what I wanted.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mr. Arnold Burges and the N. A. K. C. Stud Book.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—In your last issue Mr. Burges, "Compiler of Stud Book," comes to the defense of his work, in reply to my letter of a few weeks ago condemning it.

I have never believed that "the publication committee had any intention of ignoring the natives or refusing them recognition," but I desired to know whether or not the publication committee or any member of the club could or would undertake to defend the miserable piece of work that Mr. Burges has compiled and calls a stud book.

When Mr. Burges was appointed compiler I was a member of the club, and it was supposed that a book would be produced which would be national in character and scope, and would be a guide to sportsmen and breeders throughout two continents, instead of the delusion and snare that it now is. I have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that this first volume of the stud book, instead of subserving the original purpose of its projectors, and the desire of sportsmen of America, is an abortion, and a misfortune to all who have or may be induced to rely upon it; a monument either of indolence or incapacity upon the part of its compiler, and a reproach to the club who have published it.

What are the purposes of a stud book? They are two-fold. One is the preservation of pedigrees for present use and future reference, and another is to serve as a guide to breeders and owners of stock.

As a guide to breeders let me illustrate. Suppose a gentleman owning a thoroughbred Irish bitch desires to breed and to breed straight or without departure from pure Irish blood. He learns of and admires the splendid performances of Joe Jr., and consulting Mr. Burges' "compilation," he finds Joe Jr. among the red Irish, and relying, as he has a right to do and ought, upon a "National" stud book, he sends his bitch to Joe Jr. What reply has Mr. Burges to this? Is not the owner of the bitch deceived and deluded by this compilation?

Suppose the owner of a pure Gordon breeds to Dick upon the strength of the stud book, is he not deceived?

Mr. Burges says that "every dog entered there was placed in the class his pedigree entitled him to." This is not true. If plain speaking be harshness, then I am harsh, but this statement is simply not true, and if Mr. Burges believes his own statement, then his incapacity for the work he attempted becomes more apparent.

I assert that there is nothing in my Dick's pedigree or in any authentic information that Mr. Burges may have received concerning him that in any degree justifies his classification as a Gordon. I presume the same is true of Joe Jr. I do not believe that Mr. Campbell, if he were to exhibit Joe Jr. at a bench show, would class him among the Irish, but would among the natives where he belongs. If Joe Jr. were exhibited as an Irish dog Mr. Burges well knows he could not win in that class if protested against.

One of the objects of the club publishing the stud book as recited upon one of its introductory pages, and the very first one mentioned, is as follows: "To promote, encourage and improve the breeding of a superior class of dogs," etc. Will Mr. Burges please indicate how his stud book does this?

I doubt if there be a page of this book without one or more errors upon it.

Let me quote Burges, author, in 1876, against Burges, compiler, in 1879. In 1876 Mr. Burges, for reputation and money I suppose, published the "American Kennel and Sporting Field," and as author "compiled" some pedigrees. He then classified them as English, Irish, Gordon and native setters. Chapter nine of this book, pertaining to English setter pedigrees, opens thus: "Under this head I have included only imported dogs, and those whose parents on both sides have been imported. There are many other fine animals claiming this blood, but as they have been bred here for a long time, and as in most cases the proof of trans-Atlantic origin is obscure, I have deemed it more appropriate to place all such dogs in the class of native setters."

Now when did Mr. Burges' sense of the propriety of classification change?

In the stud book the imported dogs down to the latest are thrown in promiscuously with such natives as those of the veteran Ethan Allen, who has bred natives from native stock for forty years. The per cent. of misplacements on the several classifications of the book are simply shocking, and if any one will look over the classes and find the dogs he knows of he can determine for himself.

Another query, Mr. Burges. You have given us two generations in the pedigrees, and stopped. Is this good work, and work that, as author or compiler, you are proud of? In ten years from now of what value will this book be in the tracing of pedigrees?

One more as to quantity. In your book "American Kennel and Sporting Field" are a large number of compiled pedigrees, which it is fair to assume you properly authenticated before publishing. Why are they not incorporated in the stud book, and so made valuable for reference, and thus give the latter work at least respectable proportions?

It would take the larger part of an issue of the CHICAGO FIELD to indicate and characterize the inefficiency, errors and palpable blunders in this Volume I. of the stud book, and I do not care to go on, but enough appears, I believe, to show to the sportsmen of America that we have yet no stud book, and are even worse for this unwholesome inheritance that Mr. Burges, "compiler," has left us.

For myself, the more I examine the work, the more indignant and disgusted do I become, believing and knowing as I do that it was the desire of the N. A. K. C. that a work worthy the club and the class interested in it should be issued.

Mr. Burges' sneer at nondescript dogs is in bad taste, and shows, like the rest of his work, his literary deficiencies.

A nondescript is defined to be "a thing not yet described, something abnormal, unclassifiable."

Mr. Burges is welcome thus to brush away the claim to recognition of all setters not English, Irish, or Gordon, in a stud book, but as each year goes by the record of performances of nondescript dogs grows larger and longer, and the large class of gentlemen who admire the accomplishments of the perfected animal, be he blue blood or native, may not be satisfied with Mr. Burges' sneers. No one admires Drake or Gladstone more than I do, and all I claim is that when Joe Jr., or any other native, makes like performance, the recognition should come to him as swiftly and in a measure as full. What are the Llewellyn setters but a result of the crossing of different strains of dogs? Are they nondescripts? So of the Gordons.

The crossing of the Hambletonian, the Abdallah and the

Ethan Allen horses, and other strains, have produced the trotting horse of the day, and recorded time stands at 2:10 in private, with public record at 2:13. Are these kings of the track nondescripts? They are cross-bred. I repeat what I said in my former letter, that Mr. Morford did not own an English setter; Mr. Burges seeks the paltry refuge that Mr. Morford's dogs are entered in the native English class. Very true, and because managers of bench shows make up faulty and unwise classes, must a stud book "compiler" follow?

There is no reason that I could ever find in making a native English class except to be open to setters bred here directly from imported parents, and none others; and even this I deem wrong. Let Mr. Burges get out from behind such rotten ramparts as this, and justify his recorded contradictions if possible, and make plain, if he can, why, when he had in hand a trust to fulfill to the sportsmen of America, he failed therein.

The mischief is begun. We are worse off to-day than if no stud book had been published, for then the field would have been open for competent hands.

Let us have no more volumes like this. E. H. LATHROP.

Mr. Campbell's Reply to Mr. Bryson.

SPRING HILL, TENN.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I was amused in reading Mr. Bryson's gasconade on the Joe Jr.—Gladstone race. If boasting relieves the vacuum recently made in Mr. Bryson's pocket, or assuages his anguish for his thrice-defeated sore-tailed favorite, then I am satisfied. The misfortunes of this most unfortunate blue-blood, and the attending mishaps to his master's pocket-book, is enough to enlist the sympathies of the most hard-hearted.

What a catalogue of evils befell poor Gladstone. One almost imagines that he is reading *romance*. Snake-bit!—ran against a wall and closed an eye! Let's kill a snake or take an eye-opener. Did you ever hear of Thompson's famous colt? He jumped a fence when the gate was open. Poor Glad, not finding the gate open, "jumped against a wall and closed an eye." So sad!

Canker in the ear! Very bad; I hope the repeated concussions of "tight shells" did not tend to aggravate the malady.

Afflicted with "run-rounds!" Now, I think that Gladstone had become so accustomed to Joe Jr. run-rounds, three times publicly, and times without number privately, that he ought to have grown accustomed to that sort of thing and that *sore toes* would not be urged in extenuation of defeat.

Broken tail! Well, well, that story is worn threadbare. Is he not broken in spirit also? It does appear to me that this would be a natural consequence to both dog and master. I had nearly forgotten in enumerating the misfortunes of Gladstone that a short time before the race this unfortunate scion of a "gamy" family was "chawed up by a bull dog."

I do not like to boast, but excuse me for calling your attention to the fact that in the evening after the hunt closed, and after Joe Jr. had been "run off his feet," that he mounted and "chawed" an immense bull dog. "Gamy" Gladstone seemed content with running Joe Jr. off his feet, for while the fight was progressing, he took refuge under his master's horse, his broken (?) tail sadly dangling between his legs.

The old saying that misfortunes never come singly, was again verified in the case of Gladstone and his master. In addition to the dog's bad luck, the master also was sorely afflicted. Sick child; twenty days in a jury-box; fined thirty dollars for working his dog two hours, and threatened with a "peep through iron bars" if the offense was repeated. (Oh, monstrous judge!) But Mr. Bryson should not complain, bearing in mind that Joe Jr. cost him thirty dollars an hour for two days. *Hinc ille lachrymæ*.

Mr. Bryson asserts that he backed down the Joe Jr. party with proposals to increase the wager as much as \$500 on the "evening of the first day before Joe broke down."

Mr. Bryson's recollection is not good: In the first day of the hunt he declared he "would beat me sure." I replied that I would bet him \$50. He accepted the wager, drew a roll of money from his pocket, and then backed down, stating that he "would wait a while." Later in the day he again declared he would beat me. I offered the same bet and he again declined.

I assert positively that Mr. Bryson did not offer to increase the purse, until the second day, and then not until Joe had lamed himself; not from running over "stony" ground, but caused from a wrench in the loins in leaping one of the big gullies that Mr. B. and dog had to make "detours around to cross."

He asserts "that the largest stone Joe struck in the race was Gladstone, and the result was that he had all the wind knocked out of him." I hope to have the pleasure of having Joe strike this stone often. He struck it hard at Florence, extracting in the operation \$500, and this was the third time he had smitten the same stone, and made it yield money. Three times in succession has my magician extracted "goodies" from this "hard nut," and the end is not yet.

I am offered "three more nuts to crack." I cannot, in honor, say much for Gladstone's staying qualities (except his tendency to stay close to his master's heels, thereby causing a wasteful expenditure of tight shells), but it is simple justice to concede the sticking qualities of his master.

I hope that I may be pardoned for adding that in sticking too long, Mr. B. finds himself in the deplorable condition which sometimes will happen, viz., "charged in too often and gets stuck." "A word to the wise, etc." The tight shells (at least twenty in number) seem to stick in Mr. Bryson's throat, causing him many dry faces and some ludicrous attempts to rid himself. Only hear him! "I fired the first tight shell because I was afraid my gun might go off accidentally and injure Mr. Campbell." I thank him for his kind solicitude. Again: "Seeing that this sent Joe Jr. from the danger of our horse's feet and caused him to make renewed efforts to go, I used other shells." *Mirabile dictu!*

Mr. Bryson and Gladstone may command my sympathy, but he draws over heavily on my credulity and magnanimity when he desires me to believe that he fired tight shells twenty times or more to encourage my dog to beat him; this may do to tell the marines, but it isn't for Joseph. The editor of the CHICAGO FIELD was present and saw Mr. Bryson fire the tight shells; he also knows that the object was to stimulate poor broken-tailed, snake-bitten, chawed-up Gladstone, who had made unmistakable signs of lying down for his afternoon's siesta. Perhaps this was but the force of habit and that he was not tired. Yes, perhaps.

Mr. Bryson forgets that Joe Jr. is trained to drop to shot, and that instead of "encouraging him to go," when he used his tight shells, that the effect was just the contrary, inasmuch as my dog was kept continually dropping to shot, evidently puzzled and disgusted to hear so much firing, with no game in sight; unless, indeed, we except "gamy Gladstone," who, under the inspiring effects of a tight shell, and like some tired-out steed that had been urged repeatedly with whip and spur, would reluctantly respond, though slowly and painfully.

We can forgive Mr. Bryson's mortification and chagrin, recalling that in addition to all these things enumerated that he paid Dr. Rowe's expenses from Chicago to write up a victory that Gladstone did not gain, and also the expenses of a physician to attend Gladstone.

Referring to the three nuts offered me to crack, I have to say

that I will accept two of Mr. Bryson's propositions, 1st and 3d, as printed in the CHICAGO FIELD. I think he will be satisfied after these are concluded. In this connection I would suggest that if Joe Jr. is called upon to smite Gladstone too often the effect might not be to draw money every time, for the same thing might result as when Moses smote the rock in the wilderness. I name the German National Bank of Memphis as stakeholder.

M. C. CAMPBELL.

[We wish to inform Mr. Campbell that neither Mr. Bryson nor anyone else paid one cent of our expenses. We paid, as we always do, our own expenses. Dr. Rowe makes it a rule never to place either himself or the CHICAGO FIELD under obligations to anyone for his expenses while attending sporting events, since he proposes always to be independent in his criticisms, and free from obligations that could in any way prevent his being so. We expect Mr. Campbell to make the *amende honorable*.—N. ROWE, Ed. CHICAGO FIELD.]

A FORMIDABLE RIVAL.—Peach Orchard, Ark.—Editor Chicago Field:—On my way here I stopped over a day at St. Louis, where I had the pleasure of meeting several members of the St. Louis Kennel Club, and was driven out to the club's kennel by the president, Mr. E. C. Sterling. I have not time to mention all the dogs; suffice it to say I was much pleased with the club's last importation, Keswick, in whelp to Garnet, a son of Tory. She is the handsomest pointer bitch I have seen. Jaunty's litter of nine, by Bow, are very fine. Jessamine unfortunately lost all of her litter by Garnet. I was very sorry to find Mr. C. B. Whitford has severed his connection with the club. On my arrival here I met Mr. Whitford, and as a matter of news that may be interesting to your readers, I learn that Mr. Whitford will probably become the owner of a very noted private kennel—a kennel which has in it, perhaps, more first-class field dogs than any other in America,—which have been bred by one of our best dog authorities with great care, and rare good judgment with regard to field qualities, the sires and dams being exceptionally good. Indeed, the sires are among the most noted bench and field trial winners, and the dams are equally well known, although never having appeared in public. This kennel is now ready to go to the front, and under Mr. Whitford's skillful management will beyond doubt prove a more formidable rival than the present cracks have heretofore met.

TRAVELER.

LESS O'GOWRIE.—Dayton, O.—Editor Chicago Field:—In the CHICAGO FIELD of Jan. 31, Mr. Arnold Burges calls upon me to state the facts in regard to Lass O'Gowrie at the last Detroit show. Mr. Burges is certainly correct in stating that Lass O'Gowrie never was in the race for the first or second place. I very closely examined the whole class and "left in" Queen Mab, Clip and Nilsson, throwing out the rest of the class from the close race, for it was a very close race between Clip and Nilsson, but not close for Queen Mab, for I had but little trouble in finding that she deserved first place, leaving me to decide between the other two for second place. It was only after a long and careful examination that I placed Clip ahead of Nilsson.

E. F. STODDARD.

[Of course we could not nor cannot know how little trouble Mr. Stoddard had in deciding Queen Mab 1st; but we did not understand the race as Mr. Stoddard did, and does, as being close between Clip and Nilsson, for we certainly were of the opinion that it was as we stated. However, with all due deference to Mr. Stoddard, whose judgment we respect very highly, we think there should not be much difficulty in deciding that both Clip and Lass O'Gowrie are decidedly superior show bitches to Nilsson.—ED.]

RICHLAND.

A FAVORABLE RESPONSE.—Columbia, S. C.—Editor Chicago Field:—The suggestion of Edisto in your issue of the 14th, as to the feasibility of a bench show for dogs in Columbia next Fall, finds a ready response here. We have never yet had anything of the sort in this section, and it is fully time to start the ball moving. If Edisto will communicate with T. H. Gibbes, Columbia, S. C., I think the matter can be arranged, and the necessary steps taken at once.

NEY STOLEN.—The Irish Gordon setter Ney, bred by Plunket, out of Jobling's Nell, was stolen from the room of his owner, Mr. F. N. Bagley, agent at North LaCrosse, of the C. M. & St. P. R. R., four weeks ago. Ney is all red with a little white frill, finely feathered; his make-up is a good deal like that of champion Grouse, has a little slit in one ear, and not a trace can be had of him. We trust sportsmen will look out for him.

PEDIGREES WANTED.—Any of our readers having one of the printed pedigrees of either of the Laverack dogs Pedigree, Magnet, or Fairy II, will confer a favor by mailing it to this office.

Names Claimed.

CHANGE OF NAME.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Editor Chicago Field:—In deference to the request of Mr. Arnold Burges, I wish to change the name of my bitch Dolly Varden, lately claimed, to Dolly Edmund; also the names of two Belton—Floss dogs, bred by Mr. J. R. Stayton, of Alleghany City, Pa., whelped June 5, 1878, names claimed Sept. 31, 1878, Major and Dash to Major Belton and Dash of Pittsburg. J. R. H. NICKS.

A CORRECTION.—Chicago, Ill.—Editor Chicago Field:—Will you please correct a mistake I made in your last issue in names claimed by me, viz.: Tam O'Shanter and Mug Merriles. The dam of the pups should have read: "Imported Laverack bitch Pine," instead of Daisy (which is a pet name used at home). Tam O'Shanter is a blue belton. These pups are six months old. SAM B. CONN.

CHANGE OF NAME.—Albany, N. Y.—Editor Chicago Field:—My attention has but recently been called to the fact that Mr. A. M. Tucker has a Llewellyn setter bitch named Modjeska. I therefore change the name of my Carlowitz—True bitch to Countess Mona. She is of True's last litter whelped. J. WHITE SPRONG.

LADY OF THE LAKE.—G. A. Stark, M. D., Milwaukee, Wis., claims the name of Lady of the Lake for white and lemon English setter bitch, by Royal Ben (Carlowitz—Lucy) out of Lady Beaconsfield (Leicester—Orphina) whelped Jan. 1, 1879, bred by Mr. E. H. Gillman, Detroit, Mich.

BOSTON—JESSIE WHELP.—Capt. J. S. Brown, Missouri Valley, Iowa, claims the following names for part of his Boston—Jessie litter of red Irish setters, whelped July 2, 1879: dogs—Santa Claus and St. Paul, bitches—Light Face, Red Topsy, Red Beauty, Red Betsy, and Red Flirt.

ELAINE.—Messrs. E. & C. Von Culin, Delaware City, Del., claim the name of Elaine for their lemon and white setter bitch puppy by Pontiac (Pride of the Border—champion Petrel), out of Dr. W. W. White's Queen Annie (Carlowitz—Queen Bess), whelped Jan. 1, 1880.

AMY ROBERT.—Mr. Frederick N. Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., claims the name of Amy Robert for Gordon setter bitch puppy (litter sired by Robin Hood), whelped Jan. 1, 1880, by Orgill's Rip, out of Nellie Horton, presented him by Dr. H. F. Aten.

DACHSHUND WHELP.—Mr. G. D. Stewart, Detroit, Mich., claims the following names for dachshund whelps by Dash, by Waldman, out of Gretchen (Waldman—Waldina): dogs—Ketch, Slow and Irish; bitches—Trix, Fan and Nogood.

COUNT CAROWITZ.—Mr. Wm. F. Walton, Ionia, Mich., claims the name of Count Carowitz, for black, white and tan setter dog by Carlowitz, out of Princess Nellie (Pride of the Border—Petrel), whelped July 15, 1879.

ROB ROY II.—The color and date of whelping of Rob Roy II., which name was claimed in our last issue, should have been given, lemon belton, whelped May 13, 1879.

CHD.—Mr. Frank L. Sanford, Washington, D. C., claims the name of Chd for blue belton puppy, by Dash III., out of Opal, whelped Oct. 30, 1879.

[KENNEL CONTINUED TO PAGE 34.]

his own dismal howl as he bayed the moon, or hoarsely barked warning and defiance to all who approached with predatory aim. Now, although there are still enough and to spare of the band-dog sort, who are by their owners called mastiffs, and may, no doubt, lay claim to a fair portion of mastiff blood, they are impure, and suffer so from the cruelty of close confinement that they lose even the characteristics of the breed, which a kinder and more judicious treatment would develop, both in physical proportion and dignity of manner, and which are essential features of a mastiff of the present day.

The mastiff always has been the special guard of man's person and property; and the qualities demanded to fill that position of trust are: Size, to impress with fear; the symmetry of well-proportioned parts evidencing a combination of strength and activity; a disposition watchful and keen, but confident in its own strength; dignified and calm, save the warning bark, which fills every echo within its reach with its full tones, so unlike the yelping of the noisy cur.

As he is now also more used as a companion and personal guard than at any time in his history, his general appearance becomes more important; for nothing looks worse than a poor, shambling, weak-jointed, cow-hocked dog. Therefore he must have size to give him a commanding appearance; a well-knit, compact frame, which gives symmetry; and the perfect condition shown in the firm flesh, clean and bright coat; while the superior feeding, grooming, and general care bestowed upon him now adds greatly to his beauty; and all combined make him the useful guard and ornament he is.

The head is, in the mastiff, even more than in most other dogs, a most prominent feature; and a dog with a bad head is at once condemned. The head is decidedly large, even in proportion to the immense carcass, although it does not now present the great contrast to the body to be seen in old prints, modern breeders having improved the dog in body from a gaunt and wolf-like to a square-built, massive animal. The head should be broad across the skull; the brow should be flat and not abrupt; the eyebrows rather prominent; the muzzle should be a medium length, cut off square, rather than deep; the lips should be full, but not so hanging as in the bloodhound; and the teeth, which should be white and strong, ought to meet as level as possible. Many good specimens are slightly undershot, which is, however, a decided blemish. Whilst on this point we may refer to some remarks once made by the Rev. G. F. Hodson, after he had judged this breed at the Alexandra Palace. On that occasion, Mr. Hodson, who had most properly turned out of the ring all the cow-hocked and undershot specimens, remarked that he was convinced good mastiffs were to be had without these defects, and he was determined not to be a party to the awarding of prizes to dogs so malformed. Subsequent events have proved the soundness of his decision.

The eye should be a medium size; it is generally a light-brown or hazel. A deeply sunken eye is objectionable, as it gives a sullen look; and if the hair is shown, it creates a suspicion of bloodhound cross.

The ears should be small, smooth, thin, and pendent; and if black, as the mask should also be, it adds to the dog's beauty.

The neck should be strong, muscular, and of fair length, and having no dewlap on the throat.

The chest, back and loin.—The chest should be deep and moderately wide, but not so much so in proportion as his congener the bulldog, or it is apt to throw the elbows out. The back should be very strong, broad, and with strong muscles running along each side of the spine—those should be especially so connecting the back ribs with the hind-quarters. The loin is thereby broadened and strengthened; and this most desirable point is also gained by having the ribs well set back. Some strains show a tendency to a tucked-up flank, which is one of the worst faults a mastiff can possess. Both chest and loins should measure well, the latter not quite a third less than the former, and about equal to the dog's height at shoulder.

Legs and feet.—Strong and straight legs are an absolute necessity, and it is a point in which many excellent dogs fail. The fore-legs are not so often crooked as the hind-legs; but many good puppies give way at the ankle and have to be destroyed. Therefore the greatest care has to be taken in rearing this breed; and no mastiff should ever be chained if it is desired to exhibit him. Cow-hocks are also common, and a great eyesore, and this state is almost always accompanied with more or less wasting of the muscles of the hams, which gives a thin, almost wedge-like appearance to the hind-quarters. Some judges, we believe several members of the Mastiff Club included, consider dew-claws no disqualification; they are, however, most unsightly appendages, which should not be encouraged.

The color.—The recognized colors are brindle and fawn, and the latter at present holds the highest place in popular favor. When the fawn is bright, and the mask a decided black, with an entire freedom from white, the effect is very pleasing. Some of the fawns run into red, which is not so desirable, and such as are of that color are generally coarse in coat. The brindles are of various shades.

The coat should be fine, short and even, except along the shoulder, back and tail, where it is stronger and longer.

The tail should be of great length, strong at the root, and gradually lessening, but not tapered as a pointer's is.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. W. K. Taunton, the well-known and successful mastiff breeder, for the following paper on mastiff breeding:

"The following is what I consider a mastiff ought to be, and what I should endeavor to breed for: The head should be large and massive, skull perfectly flat and very wide across, the forehead well wrinkled, with a depression up the center, a good stop, the eyes small, of a light brown or hazel color, and set very wide

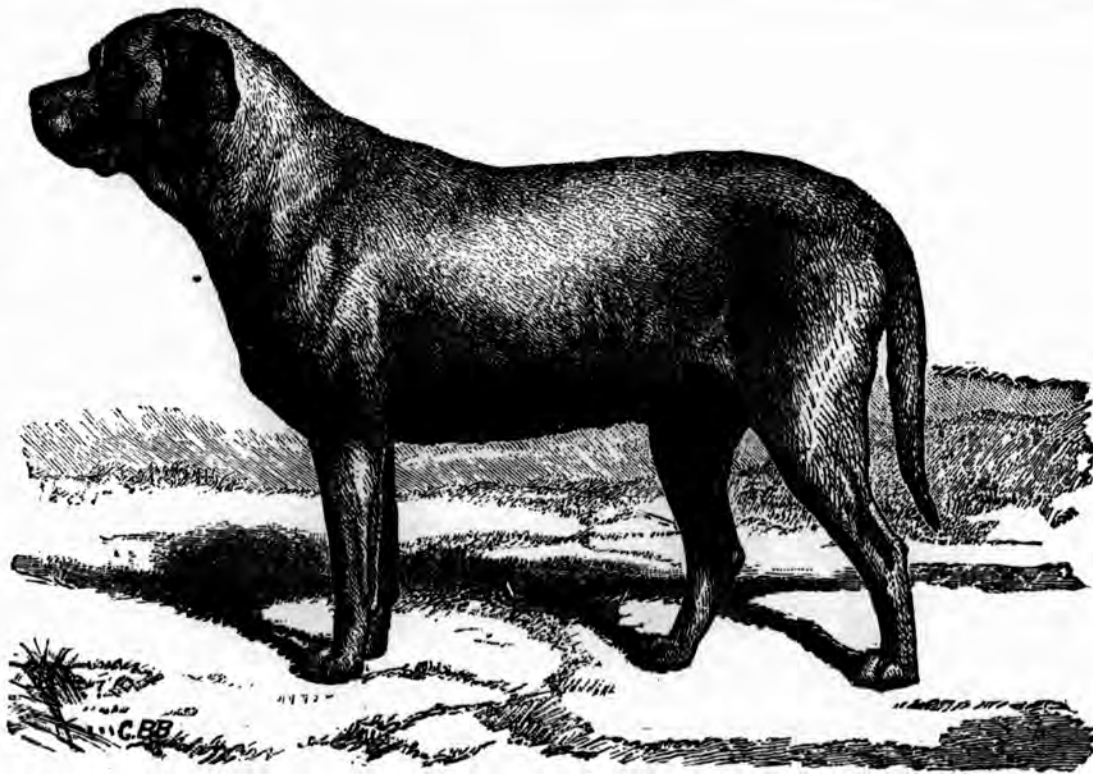
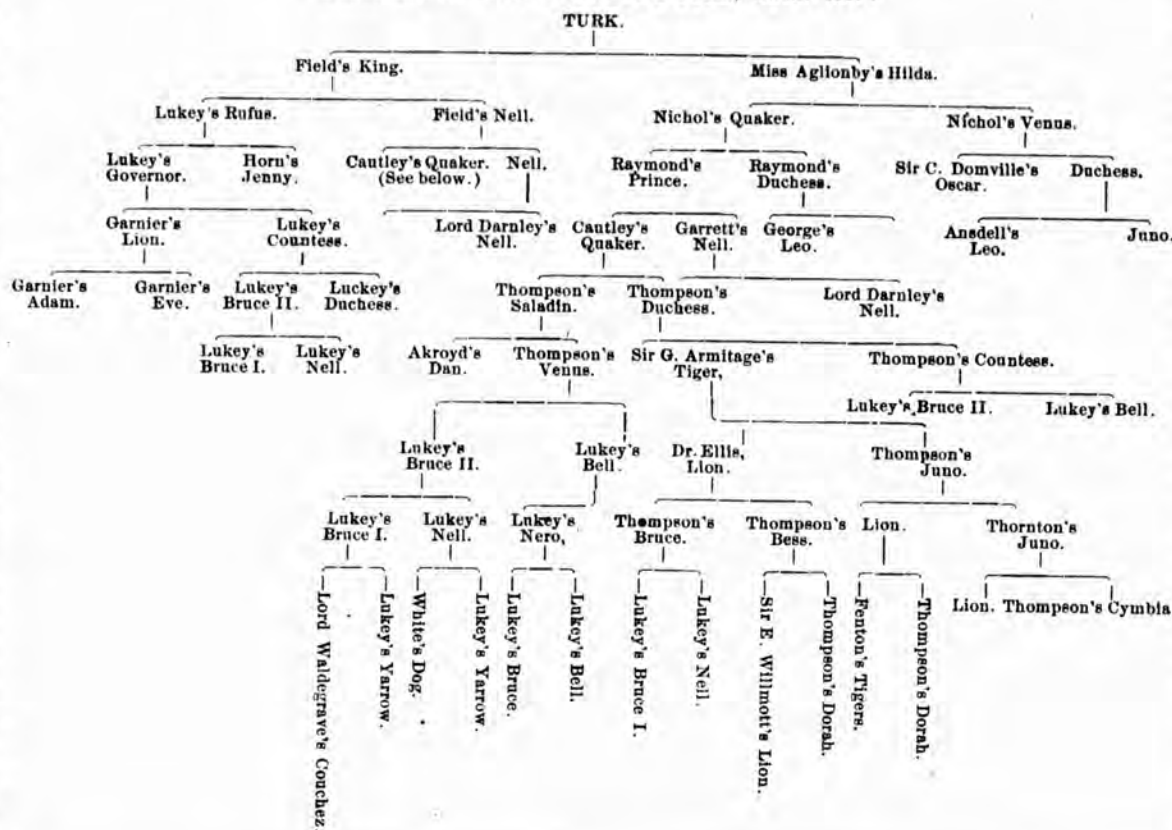
"It cannot be denied that the color most admired at the present day is fawn with black muzzle and ears, the black commencing just below the eye. At the same time, I cannot help thinking the brindle would become somewhat more popular if better specimens of this color were more frequently exhibited. I do not recollect to have seen an illustration of a brindle in any book or paper with the exception of Mr. Lukey's Wallace, and I do not hesitate to say that a very large number of the public do not recognize a mastiff when of this color. This is a fact I think to be regretted, because most of the oldest breeders and best authorities are agreed that the brindle was the original and is the true color of the mastiff, and, in the opinion of some judges, many of the finest specimens of the breed have been of this color; in addition to which, it must be admitted that most, or at least many, of our best and purest fawns are descended from brindled ancestors. I would, therefore, impress upon breeders the advisability of not neglecting this color too much, and allowing it to die out, feeling sure that, sooner or later, it will be well to have recourse to it to cross with fawn, in order to preserve the black muzzle so much admired, and without which, I fancy, the fawn will lose much of its attraction.

"It may be taken as a fact, that the female, in breeding, whether it be in the case of horses, cattle, or dogs, is quite as important an element as the male, and if it be wished to improve, or even to keep up without deterioration any breed, it will be necessary to pay quite as much if not even more attention to the quality of the dam as to that of the sire. This seems to me to be a fact too much overlooked by the committees of the various shows which are ostensibly held with a view to improve the various breeds of dogs. Yet it is but seldom that separate classes are provided for bitches; and exhibitors knowing full well that these have a poor chance of winning when in competition with dogs, it is but seldom really good specimens are to be seen. Many seem to be under the impression that in order to become successful mastiff breeders all they have to do is to obtain a bitch of some sort—good, bad, or indifferent; but if the sire be a prize winner, so much the better. They then look through the prize list to discover the dog that has won the greatest number of prizes; and in due course, without ever considering whether they are likely to suit one another or not, send their bitch to this dog, and then anxiously await the arrival of future champions. Such a plan, I need scarcely say, can but lead to disappointment ninety-nine times out of a hundred. Although there may be a litter of puppies, they will, in all probability, not repay the cost and trouble of rearing them. Good bitches are at all times scarce, and are not to be had for a mere trifle, although, of course, occasionally bargains are to be met with in these as in everything else; but it should be remembered that low-priced articles are frequently the dearest in the end.

"In selecting a bitch, particular attention should be paid to her breeding; the pedigree should be scanned carefully, to make sure she is well bred not only on the sire's but also on the dam's side, and that their ancestors, again, are descended from blood of undoubted purity. Having satisfied yourself on this point, see that the bitch is well made throughout, and likely to prove a good broad bitch; long in the body and great width across the loins. If there be any blemish, ascertain, if possible, if it be the result of accident or bad rearing, or hereditary. The new purchase having arrived home, study her carefully; not with a view to discover her good points, which will probably be apparent enough, but in order to find in what respect she is deficient. It is, in my opinion, far better to breed from a well-made bitch with a pedigree on which you can rely, but which for some reason may be an animal not capable of winning prizes, than from a bitch, perfect in appearance and winner of several first prizes, but of whose pedigree you know nothing, or as to the correctness of which you are in doubt; for it is like groping about in the dark to find out what blood will best suit her.

"The next step is to endeavor to find out the dog most likely to suit your bitch. Never mind whether he be a champion or not. Unless the bitch be very much in-bred, I would advocate selecting a dog that has a good deal of the same blood in him; and I like, if possible, to see some of his stock, taking care at the same time to ascertain what sort of bitches they are from, as this would be some assistance in forming a judgment as to whether he would be likely to suit your bitch. Endeavor to select a dog good in those points where the bitch is deficient; and if there be any special fault I wish to breed out, I should select a sire coming from a strain where this fault does not appear, or, if anything, from a strain slightly faulty in the opposite direction. What I mean is this: Supposing I had a bitch deficient in head but with good body, etc., the simple fact of putting her to a perfect

PEDIGREE OF MISS AGLIONBY'S TURK, BORN 1867.



MRS. RAWLINSON'S COUNTESS.

apart; the muzzle short and very broad, with a square, blunt finish; lips loose, and a certain amount of flews but not to the same extent as in the bloodhound; the teeth level; ears small, set on high, and carried close to the head; neck muscular, free from throatiness; chest deep, good shoulders, body rather long with large girth, well-rounded ribs, wide, strong loins, broad thighs showing plenty of muscle, fore legs perfectly straight with immense bone; feet round and close; tall tapering, not too long, and carried low. The dog should be compact and well knit together, and be the picture of muscular power and symmetry, with an open, honest countenance.

"I consider thirty to thirty-one inches a fair average height for a dog, but should prefer one thirty-two or thirty-three, provided the extra height is accompanied by a proportionate increase in bone and size throughout. The increase in the size of a dog standing thirty-two inches over one thirty inches should be far greater in proportion than the increase in size of one thirty inches over one twenty-eight inches. Size in a mastiff is a great desideratum, but not mere height alone. Bitches generally stand two to three inches lower. I like a fine coat,

headed dog would not necessarily have the desired effect of obtaining good-headed puppies, and especially so if the dog come from a strain not noted for its good heads; but if I could secure the services of a moderate-headed dog, provided I were satisfied he came from a family known to be good in this particular point, I should be sanguine of success, although it would very probably be requisite to put a daughter of this pair to a good-headed dog of the same blood as the sire before I attained what I wanted.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mr. Arnold Burges and the N. A. K. C. Stud Book.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—In your last issue Mr. Burges, "Compiler of Stud Book," comes to the defense of his work, in reply to my letter of a few weeks ago condemning it.

I have never believed that "the publication committee had any intention of ignoring the natives or refusing them recognition," but I desired to know whether or not the publication committee or any member of the club could or would undertake to defend the miserable piece of work that Mr. Burges has compiled and calls a stud book.

When Mr. Burges was appointed compiler I was a member of the club, and it was supposed that a book would be produced which would be national in character and scope, and would be a guide to sportsmen and breeders throughout two continents, instead of the delusion and snare that it now is. I have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that this first volume of the stud book, instead of subserving the original purpose of its projectors, and the desire of sportsmen of America, is an abortion, and a misfortune to all who have or may be induced to rely upon it; a monument either of indolence or incapacity upon the part of its compiler, and a reproach to the club who have published it.

What are the purposes of a stud book? They are two-fold. One is the preservation of pedigrees for present use and future reference, and another is to serve as a guide to breeders and owners of stock.

As a guide to breeders let me illustrate. Suppose a gentleman owning a thoroughbred Irish bitch desires to breed and to breed straight or without departure from pure Irish blood. He learns of and admires the splendid performances of Joe Jr., and consulting Mr. Burges' "compilation," he finds Joe Jr. among the red Irish, and relying, as he has a right to do and ought, upon a "National" stud book, he sends his bitch to Joe Jr. What reply has Mr. Burges to this? Is not the owner of the bitch deceived and deluded by this compilation?

Suppose the owner of a pure Gordon breeds to Dick upon the strength of the stud book, is he not deceived?

Mr. Burges says that "every dog entered there was placed in the class his pedigree entitled him to." This is not true. If plain speaking be harshness, then I am harsh, but this statement is simply not true, and if Mr. Burges believes his own statement, then his incapacity for the work he attempted becomes more apparent.

I assert that there is nothing in my Dick's pedigree or in any authentic information that Mr. Burges may have received concerning him that in any degree justifies his classification as a Gordon. I presume the same is true of Joe Jr. I do not believe that Mr. Campbell, if he were to exhibit Joe Jr. at a bench show, would class him among the Irish, but would among the natives where he belongs. If Joe Jr. were exhibited as an Irish dog Mr. Burges well knows he could not win in that class if protested against.

One of the objects of the club publishing the stud book as recited upon one of its introductory pages, and the very first one mentioned, is as follows: "To promote, encourage and improve the breeding of a superior class of dogs," etc. Will Mr. Burges please indicate how his stud book does this?

I doubt if there be a page of this book without one or more errors upon it.

Let me quote Burges, author, in 1876, against Burges, compiler, in 1879. In 1876 Mr. Burges, for reputation and money I suppose, published the "American Kennel and Sporting Field," and as author "compiled" some pedigrees. He then classified them as English, Irish, Gordon and native setters. Chapter nine of this book, pertaining to English setter pedigrees, opens thus: "Under this head I have included only imported dogs, and those whose parents on both sides have been imported. There are many other fine animals claiming this blood, but as they have been bred here for a long time, and as in most cases the proof of trans-Atlantic origin is obscure, I have deemed it more appropriate to place all such dogs in the class of native setters."

Now when did Mr. Burges' sense of the propriety of classification change?

In the stud book the imported dogs down to the latest are thrown in promiscuously with such natives as those of the veteran Ethan Allen, who has bred natives from native stock for forty years. The per cent. of misplacements on the several classifications of the book are simply shocking, and if any one will look over the classes and find the dogs he knows of he can determine for himself.

Another query, Mr. Burges. You have given us two generations in the p-digrees, and stopped. Is this good work, and work that, as author or compiler, you are proud of? In ten years from now of what value will this book be in the tracing of pedigrees?

One more as to quantity. In your book "American Kennel and Sporting Field" are a large number of compiled pedigrees, which it is fair to assume you properly authenticated before publishing. Why are they not incorporated in the stud book, and so made valuable for reference, and thus give the latter work at least respectable proportions?

It would take the larger part of an issue of the CHICAGO FIELD to indicate and characterize the inefficiency, errors and palpable blunders in this Volume I. of the stud book, and I do not care to go on, but enough appears, I believe, to show to the sportsmen of America that we have yet no stud book, and are even worse for this unwholesome inheritance that Mr. Burges, "compiler," has left us.

For myself, the more I examine the work, the more indignant and disgusted do I become, believing and knowing as I do that it was the desire of the N. A. K. C. that a work worthy the club and the class interested in it should be issued.

Mr. Burges sneers at nondescript dogs is in bad taste, and shows, like the rest of his work, his literary deficiencies.

A nondescript is defined to be "a thing not yet described, something abnormal, unclassifiable."

Mr. Burges is welcome thus to brush away the claim to recognition of all setters not English, Irish, or Gordon, in a stud book, but as each year goes by the record of performances of nondescript dogs grows larger and longer, and the large class of gentlemen who admire the accomplishments of the perfected animal, be he blue blood or native, may not be satisfied with Mr. Burges' sneers. No one admires Drake or Gladstone more than I do, and all I claim is that when Joe Jr., or any other native, makes like performance, the recognition should come to him as swiftly and in a measure as full. What are the Llewellyn setters but a result of the crossing of different strains of dogs? Are they nondescripts? So of the Gordons.

The crossing of the Hambletonian, the Abdallah and the

Ethan Allen horses, and other strains, have produced the trotting horse of the day, and recorded time stands at 2:10 in private, with public record at 2:13. Are these kings of the track nondescripts? They are cross-bred. I repeat what I said in my former letter, that Mr. Morford did not own an English setter; Mr. Burges seeks the paltry refuge that Mr. Morford's dogs are entered in the native English class. Very true, and because managers of bench shows make up faulty and unwise classes, must a stud book "compiler" follow?

There is no reason that I could ever find in making a native English class except to be open to setters bred here directly from imported parents, and none others; and even this I deem wrong. Let Mr. Burges get out from behind such rotten ramparts as this, and justify his recorded contradictions if possible, and make plain, if he can, why, when he had in hand a trust to fulfill to the sportsmen of America, he failed therein.

The mischief is begun. We are worse off to-day than if no stud book had been published, for then the field would have been open for competent hands.

Let us have no more volumes like this.

E. H. LATHROP.

Mr. Campbell's Reply to Mr. Bryson.

SPRING HILL, TENN.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I was amused in reading Mr. Bryson's gasconade on the Joe Jr.—Gladstone race. If boasting relieves the vacuum recently made in Mr. Bryson's pocket, or assuages his anguish for his thrice-defeated sore-tailed favorite, then I am satisfied. The misfortunes of this most unfortunate blue-blood, and the attending mishaps to his master's pocket-book, is enough to enlist the sympathies of the most hard-hearted.

What a catalogue of evils befell poor Gladstone. One almost imagines that he is reading *romance*. Snake-bite!—ran against a wall and closed an eye! Let's kill a snake or take an eye-opener. Did you ever hear of Thompson's famous colt? He jumped a fence when the gate was open. Poor Glad, not finding the gate open, "jumped against a wall and closed an eye." So sad!

Canker in the ear! Very bad; I hope the repeated concussions of "tight shells" did not tend to aggravate the malady.

Afflicted with "run-rounds"! Now, I think that Gladstone had become so accustomed to Joe Jr. run-rounds, three times publicly, and times without number privately, that he ought to have grown accustomed to that sort of thing and that *more toes* would not be urged in extenuation of defeat.

Broken tail! Well, well, that story is worn threadbare. Is he not broken in spirit also? It does appear to me that this would be a natural consequence to both dog and master. I had nearly forgotten in enumerating the misfortunes of Gladstone that a short time before the race this unfortunate scion of a "gamy" (?) family was "chawed up by a bull dog."

I do not like to boast, but excuse me for calling your attention to the fact that in the evening after the hunt closed, and after Joe Jr. had been "run off his feet," that he mounted and "chawed" an immense bull dog. "Gamy" (?) Gladstone "seemed content with running Joe Jr. off his feet, for while the fight was progressing, he took refuge under his master's horse, his broken (?) tail sadly dangling between his legs."

The old saying that misfortunes never come singly, was again verified in the case of Gladstone and his master. In addition to the dog's bad luck, the master also was sorely afflicted. Sick child; twenty days in a jury-box; fined thirty dollars for working his dog two hours, and threatened with a "peep through iron bars" if the offense was repeated. (Oh, monstrous judge!) But Mr. Bryson should not complain, bearing in mind that Joe Jr. cost him thirty dollars an hour for two days. *Hinc ille lachryma*

Mr. Bryson asserts that he backed down the Joe Jr. party with proposals to increase the wager as much as \$500 on the "evening of the first day before Joe broke down."

Mr. Bryson's recollection is not good: "In the first day of the hunt he declared he 'would beat me sure.' I replied that I would bet him \$50. He accepted the wager, drew a roll of money from his pocket, and then backed down, stating that he 'would wait a while.' Later in the day he again declared he would beat me. I offered the same bet and he again declined."

I assert positively that Mr. Bryson did not offer to increase the purse, until the second day, and then not until Joe had lamed himself; not from running over "stony" ground, but caused from a wrench in the loins in leaping one of the big gullies that Mr. B. and dog had to make "detours around to cross."

He asserts "that the largest stone Joe struck in the race was Gladstone, and the result was that he had all the wind knocked out of him." I hope to have the pleasure of having Joe strike this stone often. He struck it hard at Florence, extracting in the operation \$500, and this was the third time he had smitten the same stone, and made it yield money. Three times in succession has my magician extracted "goodies" from this "hard nut," and the end is not yet.

I am offered "three more nuts to crack." I cannot, in honor, say much for Gladstone's staying qualities (except his tendency to stay close to his master's heels, thereby causing a wasteful expenditure of tight shells), but it is simple justice to concede the sticking qualities of his master.

I hope that I may be pardoned for adding that in sticking too long, Mr. B. finds himself in the deplorable condition which sometimes will happen, viz., "charged in too often and gets stuck." "A word to the wise, etc." The tight shells (at least twenty in number) seem to stick in Mr. Bryson's throat, causing him many wry faces and some ludicrous attempts to rid himself. Only hear him! "I fired the first tight shell because I was afraid my gun might go off accidentally and injure Mr. Campbell." I thank him for his kind solicitude. Again: "Seeing that this sent Joe Jr. from the danger of our horse's feet and caused him to make renewed efforts to go, I used other shells." *Mirabile dictu!*

Mr. Bryson and Gladstone may command my sympathy, but he draws over heavily on my credulity and magnanimity when he desires me to believe that he fired tight shells twenty times or more to encourage my dog to beat his; this may do to tell the marines, but it isn't for Joseph. The editor of the CHICAGO FIELD was present and saw Mr. Bryson fire the tight shells; he also knows that the object was to stimulate poor broken-tailed, snake-bitten, chawed-up Gladstone, who had made unmistakable signs of lying down for his afternoon's siesta. Perhaps this was but the force of habit and that he was not tired. Yes, perhaps.

Mr. Bryson forgets that Joe Jr. is trained to drop to shot, and that instead of "encouraging him to go," when he used his tight shells, that the effect was just the contrary, inasmuch as my dog was kept continually dropping to shot, evidently puzzled and disgusted to hear so much firing, with no game in sight; unless, indeed, we except "gamy Gladstone," who, under the inspiring effects of a tight shell, and like some tired-out steed that had been urged repeatedly with whip and spur, would reluctantly respond, though slowly and painfully.

We can forgive Mr. Bryson's mortification and chagrin, recollecting that in addition to all these things enumerated that he paid Dr. Rowe's expenses from Chicago to write up a victory that Gladstone did not gain, and also the expenses of a physician to attend Gladstone.

Referring to the three nuts offered me to crack, I have to say

that I will accept two of Mr. Bryson's propositions, 1st and 2d, as printed in the CHICAGO FIELD. I think he will be satisfied after these are concluded. In this connection I would suggest that if Joe Jr. is called upon to smite Gladstone too often the effect might not be to draw money every time, for the same thing might result as when Moses smote the rock in the wilderness. I name the German National Bank of Memphis as stakeholder.

M. C. CAMPBELL.

[We wish to inform Mr. Campbell that neither Mr. Bryson nor anyone else paid one cent of our expenses. We paid, as we always do, our own expenses. Dr. Rowe makes it a rule never to place either himself or the CHICAGO FIELD under obligations to anyone for his expenses while attending sporting events, since he proposes always to be independent in his criticisms, and free from obligations that could in any way prevent his being so. We expect Mr. Campbell to make the *amende honorable*.—N. ROWE, Ed. CHICAGO FIELD.]

A FORMIDABLE RIVAL.—Peach Orchard, Ark.—Editor Chicago Field:—On my way here I stopped over a day at St. Louis, where I had the pleasure of meeting several members of the St. Louis Kennel Club, and was driven out to the club's kennel by the president, Mr. E. C. Sterling. I have not time to mention all the dogs; suffice it to say I was much pleased with the club's last importation, Keswick, in whelp to Garnet, a son of Tory. She is the handsomest pointer bitch I have seen. Jaunty's litter of nine, by Bow, are very fine. Jessamine unfortunately lost all of her litter by Garnet. I was very sorry to find Mr. C. B. Whitford has severed his connection with the club. On my arrival here I met Mr. Whitford, and as a matter of news that may be interesting to your readers, I learn that Mr. Whitford will probably become the owner of a very noted private kennel—a kennel which has in it, perhaps, more first-class field dogs than any other in America,—which have been bred by one of our best dog authorities with great care, and rare good judgment with regard to field qualities, the sires and dams being exceptionally good. Indeed, the sires are among the most noted bench and field trial winners, and the dams are equally well known, although never having appeared in public. This kennel is now ready to go to the front, and under Mr. Whitford's skillful management will beyond doubt prove a more formidable rival than the present cracks have heretofore met.

TRAVELER.

LAAS O'GOWRIE.—Dayton, O.—Editor Chicago Field:—In the CHICAGO FIELD of Jan. 31, Mr. Arnold Burges calls upon me to state the facts in regard to Laas O'Gowrie at the last Detroit show. Mr. Burges is certainly correct in stating that Laas O'Gowrie never was in the race for the first or second place. I very closely examined the whole class and "left in" Queen Mab, Clip and Nilsson, throwing out the rest of the class from the close race, for it was a very close race between Clip and Nilsson, but not close for Queen Mab, for I had but little trouble in finding that she deserved first place, leaving me to decide between the other two for second place. It was only after a long and careful examination that I placed Clip ahead of Nilsson.

E. F. STODDARD.

[Of course we could not nor cannot know how little trouble Mr. Stoddard had in deciding Queen Mab 1st; but we did not understand the race as Mr. Stoddard did, and does, as being close between Clip and Nilsson, for we certainly were of the opinion that it was as we stated. However, with all due deference to Mr. Stoddard, whose judgment we respect very highly, we think there should not be much difficulty in deciding that both Clip and Laas O'Gowrie are decidedly superior show bitches to Nilsson.—Ed.]

A FAVORABLE RESPONSE.—Columbia, S. C.—Editor Chicago Field:—The suggestion of Edisto in your issue of the 14th, as to the feasibility of a bench show for dogs in Columbia next Fall, finds a ready response here. We have never yet had anything of the sort in this section, and it is fully time to start the ball moving. If Edisto will communicate with T. H. Gibbs, Columbia, S. C., I think the matter can be arranged, and the necessary steps taken at once.

RICHLAND.

NEY STOLEN.—The Irish Gordon setter Ney, bred by Plunket, out of Jobling's Nell, was stolen from the room of his owner, Mr. F. N. Bagley, agent at North LaCrosse, of the C. M. & St. P. R. R., four weeks ago. Ney is all red with a little white frill, finely feathered; his make-up is a good deal like that of champion Grouse, has a little slit in one ear, and not a trace can be had of him. We trust sportsmen will look out for him.

PEDIGREES WANTED.—Any of our readers having one of the printed pedigrees of either of the Laverack dogs Pedigree, Magnet, or Fairy II, will confer a favor by mailing it to this office.

Names Claimed.

CHANGE OF NAME.—Pittsburg, Pa.—Editor Chicago Field:—In deference to the request of Mr. Arnold Burges, I wish to change the name of my bitch Dolly Varden, lately claimed, to Dolly Edmund; also the names of two Belton—Floes dogs, bred by Mr. I. R. Stayton, of Alleghany City, Pa., whelped June 5, 1878, names claimed Sept. 21, 1878, Major and Dash to Major Belton and Dash of Pittsburg.

J. R. H. NICKES.

A CORRECTION.—Chicago, Ill.—Editor Chicago Field:—Will you please correct a mistake I made in your last issue in names claimed by me, viz.: Tam O'Shanter and Meg Merriles. The dam of the pups should have read: "Imported Laverack bitch Pine," instead of Daisy (which is a pet name used at home). Tam O'Shanter is a blue belton. These pups are six months old.

SAM B. COBB.

CHANGE OF NAME.—Albany, N. Y.—Editor Chicago Field:—My attention has but recently been called to the fact that Mr. A. M. Tucker has a Llewellyn setter bitch named Modjeska. I therefore change the name of my Carlowitz—True bitch to Countess Mona. She is of True's last litter whelped.

J. WHITE SPRONG.

LADY OF THE LAKE.—G. A. Stark, M. D., Milwaukee, Wis., claims the name of Lady of the Lake for white and lemon English setter bitch, by Royal Ben (Carlowitz—Lucy) out of Lady Beaconsfield (Leicester—Orphina) whelped Jan. 1, 1879, bred by Mr. E. H. Gillman, Detroit, Mich.

BOSTON—JESSIE WHELPS.—Capt. J. S. Brown, Missouri Valley, Iowa, claims the following names for part of his Boston—Jessie litter of red Irish setters, whelped July 2, 1879: dogs—Santa Claus and St. Paul, bitches—Light Face, Red Topsy, Red Beauty, Red Betsy, and Red Flirt.

ELAINE.—Messrs. E. & C. Von Culin, Delaware City, Del., claim the name of Elaine for their lemon and white setter bitch puppy by Pontiac (Pride of the Border—champion Petrel), out of Dr. W. W. White's Queen Annie (Carlowitz—Queen Bess), whelped Jan. 1, 1880.

AMY ROBERT.—Mr. Frederick N. Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., claims the name of Amy Robert for Gordon setter bitch puppy (litter sister of Robin Hood), whelped Jan. 1, 1880, by Orgill's Rip, out of Nellie Horton, presented him by Dr. H. F. Aten.

DACHSHUND WHELPS.—Mr. G. D. Stewart, Detroit, Mich., claims the following names for dachshund whelps by Dash, by Waldman, out of Gretchen (Waldman—Waldina): dogs—Ketch, Slow and Irish; bitches—Trix, Fun and Nogood.

COUNT CAROWITZ.—Mr. Wm. F. Walton, Ionia, Mich., claims the name of Count Carowitz, for black, white and tan setter dog by Carlowitz, out of Princess Nellie (Pride of the Border—Petrel), whelped July 15, 1879.

ROB ROY II.—The color and date of whelping of Rob Roy II., which name was claimed in our last issue, should have been given, lemon belton, whelped May 13, 1879.

CID.—Mr. Frank L. Sanford, Washington, D. C., claims the name of Cid for blue belton puppy, by Dash III., out of Opal, whelped Oct. 20, 1879.

CHICAGO FIELD

The American Sportsman's Journal.

Published by the Chicago Field Publishing Co.

Four dollars a year; two dollars for six months; one dollar for three months; strictly in advance. Money should be sent by Postal Order, Draft on Chicago, or by Registered Letter.

The Trade supplied by the Western News Co. Communications must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a private guarantee of good faith, and all communications, upon any subject, or for any department, must be addressed

N. ROWE,
Editor and Manager Chicago Field,
155 & 157 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
NEW YORK OFFICE:—No. 31 Park Row, New York City.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1880.

THE NATIONAL AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB.

The prizes of the National American Kennel Club at the next field trials will amount to about one thousand dollars. The expense of conducting the trials will probably be about one hundred dollars, with a possibility that it may reach two hundred dollars. The entrance money ought to cover this entire amount, but it may not in the aggregate reach more than six hundred dollars. The estimated cost of publishing Volume II of the Stud Book is not over two hundred dollars, and it should realize to the club, from its sales, at least six hundred dollars. All other expenses of the club are trifling. The membership had a liberal addition of names at the last meeting, and it now numbers nearly one hundred; but this should be increased to two hundred without delay; this would give the club an annual income of one thousand dollars.

There is not an owner of a good setter or pointer in the country that should not feel himself interested in the success of the National American Kennel Club, to the extent of five dollars per annum. Heretofore the field trials have been run at the expense of a few gentlemen who have guaranteed the necessary funds. The National American Kennel Club's field trials of 1879, cost twelve gentlemen forty dollars each, and the Tennessee trials have always been a source of expense to a few. This is entirely wrong and must be avoided in future. The figures given above show how lightly the expense will bear upon each individual, if owners will become members of the club. Two hundred members annually will give the club such a fund, with its sales of the Stud Book, and entry fees for the trials, that the prizes can be proportionately increased and made one of the most attractive events in the world. The solicitation of the president and secretary to those gentlemen interested in the sports of the field and kennel to enroll themselves, should not receive a single refusal. The alacrity and enthusiasm which the Eastern sportsmen have displayed in the formation of the Eastern Field Trials Club, a sectional association, and bringing to a successful conclusion their first field trials, should be an incentive to the sustenance by all sportsmen, of these grand events of field sports. The National American Kennel Club is not sectional, but national, and should be supported by sportsmen everywhere. Let all interested in this laudable work lend a helping hand.

Attention is called to the announcement of Mr. Chas. H. Raymond, President of the National American Kennel Club, that he has appointed Mr. Charles DeRonge, Secretary of the club. The Field Trial Derby stake of 1880 is now open for setter or pointer puppies whelped on or before April 1, 1879. Entries will close April 1, 1880.

THE NEW YORK STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION MEETING.

It is now definitely settled that the meeting of the New York State Sportsmen's Association will be held under the auspices of the Seneca Gun Club, of Seneca Falls. The two resident clubs having failed to arrange the management of the meeting in a friendly way, President Silsby, under the advice of the executive officers of the association designated one club, and the necessary arrangements are now being perfected. Mr. Silsby has secured a number of valuable prizes, and the sportsmen of New York may be assured that no effort will be spared toward rendering the next annual gathering more than ordinarily successful. The following are the committees appointed to conduct the tournament to a successful termination:

On Birds.—J. F. Lawrence, E. V. Burton, Wm. Parrish, J. G. Stacey, Wm. V. VanRensselaer.

On Prizes.—C. H. Williams, Francis Bacon, E. W. Bull, John Cuddeback, Levi VanBuskirk.

On Grounds.—M. Hoag, Sol. Carman, H. R. Selleck, E. H. Adair, J. A. Niver.

On Printing.—Henry Stowell, E. A. Rumsey, E. C. Osborne, J. D. Pollard, J. N. Hammond.

On Finance.—W. P. Elwell, R. C. Wayne, J. T. Miller, Jr., A. R. Palmer, G. M. Gulon.

On Fly-casting.—J. B. Murray, C. H. Tuttle, J. H. Parsons, C. H. Westcott, Henry Fox.

On Rooms.—J. H. Gordon, J. G. Minges, H. Stowell, Millard Franz, E. Rosencrans.

On Pistol Shooting.—Sam Jacoby, F. Nearpass, E. Hill, H. J. Purdy, M. Burroughs.

On Rifle Shooting.—J. E. Tubbs, H. R. Selleck, J. Crocker, John Nearpass, Geo. Esterly.

On Reception.—Gen. G. M. Gulon, Gen. J. B. Murray, J. D. Pollard, A. L. Childs, W. R. Kennard, Henry Marshall, A. Cook, E. W. Bull, A. H. Comstock, H. Burt, R. Merritt, John Van Buskirk, John McIntosh, Francis Bacon, E. Lester, A. Hollenbeck, L. Goodman, D. Marsh, F. Maier, F. Brady, Geo. Hayt, Wm. Van Rensselaer, N. Duntz.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—This is the season of the annual statements of corporations, and among the first of the large companies to conform to the custom is the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, whose annual report of the business of 1879, is presented in our columns this issue. Practically the pioneer of life insurance in this country, upon the purely mutual plan, its eminent success has been a source of gratification, as demonstrating the exercise in a high degree, of those concurrent qualities in management which are essential to prolonged success. In the earlier years of a life insurance company, when income is large, and death claims few, the temptation to depart from sound and safe principles is very great, and in such departure lies the seeds of dissolution and disgrace, which have so often overtaken those who yield to such temptation. The thirty-seven years' experience of the Mutual Life, in itself, a guaranty that a consummate policy has prevailed, and the company has found itself so strong as to be able to reduce its rate of premium, and yet add largely to its assets, on the business of 1879.

THE NEW YORK BENCH SHOW.—The Westminster Kennel Club announce that the fourth annual bench show of dogs will be held under their auspices on April 27, 28 and 29 at Madison Square Garden, New York. The managers have secured the services of Mr. Charles Lincoln as superintendent, which is ample guaranty that dogs confided to his care will be well cared for. It is the purpose of the management to make such arrangements with the railroad companies centering in New York, as will insure free transportation for dogs.

MR. J. W. KINSEY.—This popular host who has so long entertained sportsmen at Barnegat, N. J., will take the large new hotel at Anglesen, twelve miles north of Cape May, this season. Our readers visiting the coast will bear this in mind.

IOWA STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—The Iowa State Sportsmen's Association will hold their annual meeting and tournament on June 8, 9, 10 and 11.

KANSAS STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting and tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association will be held on May 18, 19, 20 and 21.

ST. LOUIS BENCH SHOW.—The St. Louis Kennel Club announce that their annual bench show will be held on October 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1880.

NELLIE AND DAN.—We have on hand a few copies of our lithograph of Nellie and Dan, which will be mailed, rolled, ready for framing, for fifty cents each.

Game and Shooting.

Sportsmen's Fixtures for 1879.

Massachusetts State Sportsmen's Association—at call of president.

Kansas State Sportsmen's Association, Lawrence, Kansas, May 18, 19, 20 and 21.

Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Des Moines, Ia., June 8, 9, 10 and 11.

Fifth Annual Meeting of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

(CONTINUED.)

MICHIGAN STATE FISH-CULTURE.

The "Act" creating the Board of Fish Commissioners of the State of Michigan, passed in the legislative session of 1873, and at once received the approval of the Governor.

It specified the duties of the Commission to be "to select a suitable location for a State fish-breeding establishment for the artificial propagation and cultivation of White fish, and such other kinds of the better class of food fishes as they may direct upon the best terms possible."

Said Board may receive from the State Treasurer, all the expenses actually disbursed by them, while in discharge of their respective duties.

It was further made their duty, to appoint one Superintendent of Fisheries of the State, who should obtain the ova of such fish, and take charge of the establishment, reporting annually upon the practical results of the enterprise to the Governor. The sum of \$15,000 was appropriated for the years of 1873 and 1874 to carry out the provisions of the "Act."

Under the direction of the commission, the first work performed, and money expended was upon the Atlantic salmon. These were hatched in the private hatchery of N. W. Clark, of Clarkston, the generous gift of Prof. Spencer F. Baird, United States Fish Commissioner, to the State of 40,000 ova, already in an advanced stage of incubation, before the "act" creating the board had been passed. Consequently, before there was any one legally authorized to take charge of these "waifs of the sea," which were thrown upon our hands. They were, however, taken in charge as the first wards of the Commission, and placed mostly in the larger streams of the lower Peninsula.

Thus early had the scheme of reversing nature's inexorable law of natural selection, and fitness of things obtained a footing in the ichthyic art of the state: nor was there wanting men of large experience and research; practical men and scientists of approved ability, with many of the commissioners of other states who firmly adhered to the theory (for it was mere theory) that the *Salmo salar*, with his noble congener, *Salmo quinnat*, could thus be transported from the deep and measureless pastures of the ocean to our inland lakes and rivers, and made there to grow to magnificent proportions, and perform the functions of reproduction. Nor did this wild experiment end until 280,000 of the former and 1,769,000 of the latter had been hatched in the hatchway at Pokagon and planted in almost every stream and lake of the state. No results save those of disappointment have been reached as yet. Still there are some who insist that these thousands of wanderers will be heard from in sufficient number to compensate for the money and work bestowed upon them.

One thing, however, the good people of Michigan have to congratulate themselves on, that the ova from which these fish were produced, with the single exception of one lot of 35,000 Atlantic salmon eggs, were bestowed by Professor Baird, in his ever princely dealing. The 35,000 were purchased by the commission of C. G. Atkins, of Bucksport, Me., and hatched with those presented by Professor Baird.

THE SHAD (*Alosa praealtalis*)

came in also for a share in the early dreams, efforts and expenditures of the Commission. They were procured on the Hudson river, below Albany, at Camp Green, and at South Hadley Falls, Mass.; 415,000 were planted in the Spring of 1873, but not a shad has ever been taken from the waters of Michigan, so far as the Commission at present know, neither is it likely they ever will be heard from. No fish handled by pisciculturists is so tender, requiring in their earlier development every possible condition favorable to their growth; and as they are purely a salt water fish, only traversing the streams for the purpose of spawning, and then for a period of a few days in the Spring months, how it came to be thought that they would thrive and mature in our rivers and great lakes, can only be accounted for, in the desire of Michigan fishermen, not to be behind our brethren of the craft in the older and Atlantic states. But we are learning, that some things at least are impossible to us in fish-culture, and that we cannot turn our lakes into salt seas or make of them pasture grounds for the shad and salmon.

LAND-LOCKED SALMON (*Salmo sebago*).

Upon this superiorly formed, fleshed, and magnificent fish, there has been done comparatively little work; not a single egg has been purchased with the funds of the state, but all have been donated by the United States Fish Commission. A little over 51,000 of them have been hatched and placed in the inland waters. Those planted in the southern part of the state have never been heard from, but in Kalkaska county, in a little lake where some five hundred only were planted, they were taken two and one-half years after, weighing eight pounds. This unprecedented growth is evidence conclusive, that many of our lakes in the northern part of the Peninsula, are well adapted to this best of fresh water fishes. There are in the state hatchery ponds at Pokagon forty-two of these species of salmon, of four and five years growth.

Last November, the 10th, a number of ova were taken and 125 fish have been hatched from them. There are also upon the trays of the hatchery thirty thousand eggs which arrived on the 19th of January, from Grand Lake stream,—a gift of Professor Baird to the states of Michigan and Indiana—twenty thousand for us in consideration of our hatching them and for parties in the latter state.

It is important to the future fish interest of Michigan that a suitable lake be selected and thoroughly protected by law against all fishing where the present stock can be planted, reared, and kept as spawners. We have such lakes, and it is a burning shame and disgrace to our state that no legal protection could be secured to those in Log Lake, Kalkaska county, and they be preserved from the spear and net to give back to us a thousandfold of their offspring, with which to extend the area of their domain.

One other foreign variety is deserving of mention in connection with the work of the Commission.

THE EEL (*Anguilla communis*).

Considering the number of this fish planted in the inland waters no class has put in a more frequent appearance and given better satisfaction to the people. Applications for them are in excess of all others, except the ever-loved and popular brook trout. In 1877 there were planted in various streams and lakes 245,700 eels, and the following Spring of 1878, 460,000. The plant of the Spring of 1879 has not been reported by the former superintendent, Hon. G. H. Jerome, but was not as large as the years preceding.

SALMON TROUT (*Salmo fontinalis*).

Of this fish, so well known by name as the lake trout, or Mackinac trout, there has been planted in the inland lakes, in round numbers, 989,000. No very considerable numbers of them have been taken, and yet many of them have been reported seen. In my judgment a great misapprehension exists regarding the growth of the lake trout. It is nothing near so rapid as that of the salmon or white-fish, or even the brook trout. We have some at the Pokagon hatchery ponds, of one and three years old. They do not compare well with the speckled trout of the same ages, although fed with them and kept in the same preserves. Besides it should be known that the salmon trout is a deep-water fish, seldom ever approaching the shores, unless they are precipitous and rocky, and then only in pursuit of smaller fish for food. In Lakes Michigan and Huron they are taken mostly in water from thirty to forty fathoms deep, although along the straits, which is their natural spawning bed, they fearlessly brave danger, and even death, to carry forward their procreative instincts.

For many of our deep, pure, cold inland waters they are a desirable fish; but it is the universal assent of all practical fishculturists that no fully would be greater than to plant the salmon trout in every little pond from thirty to fifty feet deep in the Southern Peninsula, and especially in the southern part of it, where the temperature of the water reaches in midsummer 75 and 80° Fahrenheit and expect them to thrive and give back returns of even 4 per cent. on their cost. I have no doubt that coming years will give good returns from this fish planted in lakes suited to their habits of growth.

BROOK TROUT (*Salmo fontinalis*).

In the Winter of 1878 and 1879 the Commission, to meet a popular demand, purchased of W. F. Eddy, of Randolph, N. Y., 250,000 brook or speckled trout ova, which, added to those taken at the Pokagon hatchery, increased the number to 300,000. High hopes were entertained of being able to plant many of the fry from this number of eggs in the choice streams of the southern part of the state, and thus bring this most gamey fish within reach of all who love to cast a line to make his acquaintance. But from effects which can with certainty be traced to the mineral substances held in solution in the water, which supplies the hatchery with a change in temperature from 48° to 62° at the time the state works were located there, to 52° Fahr., only 15,000 were reared to the size of young fry; all of these except 5,000, which were kept at the preserves to be raised for breeders, were planted in streams of choice selection, and are thriving vigorously. Of still further proof of the superior character of many of the streams of Southern Michigan, allow me to say, that private parties living at Hart, Oceana county, purchased and planted two years ago a few thousand trout fry in some streams which feed the Pentwater river. Last Fall I visited that county at the request of Mr. A. M. Nichols, the gentlemanly freight and passenger agent, of the Chicago and West Michigan railroad, with a view of learning the character of the streams. While there in company of the gentleman who made the plant, I saw taken from one of the streams a trout eighteen months old, measuring nine inches. Of the other streams, Mr. Rutherford, in a private letter, wrote me recently that he with others went into the pond into which it flows, with chopped liver for bait, and cutting a hole through the ice covered their heads with blankets, when in a few moments they had seven in sight, some of them full ten inches in length. Streams also, which were planted by private parties in Berrien county, some years since, have yielded fair returns. I mention these instances, as I could many others, to show that there is a wide range for the introduction and growing of this choice fish of the brooks. But it must not be supposed that every spring-fed stream forms a suitable home for the trout. They require cold water, free from mineral, especially iron, with rapid flow, overhanging banks and tangled brush wood, with a bed of gravel dug into deep pools. This Winter, 1879 and 1880, there has been placed upon the trays at Pokagon hatchery 170,000 trout ova; the strictest watch and care has been given them, and at this date, Jan. 23, have a promising look.

The crisis in their development will be reached in about thirty days, just at the point when the alevin passes into the fry, or the complete absorption of the food vesicle. Then we shall be able to make our estimates for distribution: There are, however, applications on file to cover all we have and five or six times more.

Not less than one million trout fry should be hatched yearly for Michigan streams, which would, aside from the luxury placed upon our tables, invite sportsmen, at the proper season, from the less-favored adjoining states to our wooded streams, furnishing transportation to our railroads and money to our citizens.

HYBRIDIZATION.

Hybrids of the salmon trout and *Salmo fontinalis* are at the Pokagon hatchery ponds of three years growth. Too much cannot be said in their praise. Beautiful in form and color, possessing remarkable strength and endurance, they may yet prove to be the most suitable fish for many of the large streams and lakes.

If by combining the instinct of the salmon trout, for the deep and silent waters of the Great Lakes, with the brook instinct of the speckled trout, we produce a fish which will traverse our streams only for spawning purposes, we may have reached the Eureka of fish-culture. But, will the hybrid carry out heaven's ordained law, and multiply and replenish the waters? Most certainly; and in proof we now have at the hatchery, alevins of remarkable vigor, the progeny of the hybrid. The eggs when taken and milted, ranged in size from that of a B shot to 1-5 inch in diameter, and in process of hatching exhibited remarkable organic derangement; however, nothing discouraging is seen in this as it frequently happens with the speckled trout, that half or even two-thirds of the eggs produced from a single fish, bring forth malformed and deformed alevins. It appears to be an organic derangement of the zoospores of the milt of the male, and may not occur again in future experiments.

WHITE FISH.

I now come to speak of the great work of the Commission—the work for which it was pre-eminently designed—thrust of hatching and planting in the waters both inland and great lake boundaries this most useful, mercantile and magnificent food fish. It is the only fish named in the "Act" creating the Board; and to its culture, they feel bound by law so long as there exists any law upon the subject. Owing to the reduction in the appropriations for fish-culture during the present biennial term, nearly all of the funds have been given to their propagation.

And there are now at the State hatchery in Detroit 11,000,000 eggs in process of hatching, which added to those formerly planted, make the round number of 69,676,000. Of this number 15,547,000 were planted in the inland lakes, 14,450,000 in Lake Michigan; 2,291,000 in Lake Erie; 1,645,000 in Lake Huron; 2,565,000 in St. Clair river and lake; and 19,146,000 in the Detroit river.

From the inland lake plants, not very extensive reports have been received, yet a few have fallen into our hands by mere stealth and persevering efforts. The law prohibiting net or seine fishing in the lakes, leads parties who disregard its provisions to conceal that class of evidence, which to the Board, is most reliable in establishing the success of white-fish growth.

But I have indubitable evidence that large numbers of small white-fish were netted in Paw-Paw Lake, Berrien county, last Spring, and quite a number of catches of individual fish in various lakes of the State. But it is to the great lakes and rivers, the natural home of this fish, that we are to look for proofs of the wisdom and practicability of their culture.

And here looms up a class of evidence that ought to convince the most skeptical.

It is well known among fish dealers that there exists a marked difference in the structure or form and flesh of the fish caught in different localities. This is so clear and distinctive, they are able to select from a promiscuous pile, bought at different lakes, the fish belonging to each. This dissimilarity is so apparent that a more novice in ichthyology can distinguish it when attention is called to it.

For instance: The white fish of Lake Erie and Detroit river are remarkably thick and wide, with large fins and scales, rather coarse meat, with a rapid rise from the neck or atlas joint to the dorsal fin, with an excess of adipose or fatty tissue. On the other hand, the same fish caught in Lake Michigan is symmetrical in form with small scales, flesh fine grained, and but little adipose matter. This variance, doubtless, arises from the crustaceans upon which they feed, and temperature of water, Lake Erie being only 200 feet deep, and fed with water which reaches a high temperature in the rivers before being emptied into it. While Lake Michigan has a depth of 900 feet, with the cold streams of the North pouring their crystal floods unceasingly into its rocky basin.

When at Petoskey last December, looking up white-fish eggs, Mr. McCormick, a large fish dealer in Erie and Michigan lake fish, said: "Our work explains what has been a mystery to me this Fall. We have been taking Lake Erie fish here and could not account for it. Now it is clear the fish you have planted in Lake Michigan were hatched from eggs taken in the Detroit river, and they have grown up with the structural character of their progenitors."

I have no question of the truth of this statement, as Mr. McCormick is a gentleman of ability and character. But one other class of evidence let me adduce here. Some thirty years since Geo. Clark, of Ecorse, now deceased, pursued fishing in Lake St. Clair, above the Detroit river, and pronounced it the very best fishing grounds in the Western lakes. Within a few years, from excessive seine and pound-net fishing,

It was so depleted of white-fish that fishermen abandoned it altogether; this last fall, however, the catch has been reasonably remunerative, and fish of uniform size, weighing about two pounds. Fishermen without a dissenting voice ascribe their success to the planting, by the Commission, since the commencement of their work, in the rivers of St. Clair and Detroit, and Lake St. Clair.

They claim that their uniform weight corresponds with what is known of the growth of such fish in the same period of time. And there can be no reasonable doubt that they are the product of the plant made in 1875 and 1876 of 4,478,000.

NATIVE FISH.

On the fish indigenous to our waters, no work has been bestowed excepting the Grayling (*Thymallus signifer*). But as yet all efforts to pry into their family instincts have been unavailing. This year the Commission have laid plans for the more thorough study of their habits, and have let out some fifty to Mr. Martin Metcalf, of Battle Creek, who feels a deep interest in not only their preservation but propagation. To the work of watching and experimenting he gives his time without cost to the board.

GERMAN CARP (*Cyprinus carpio*).

Professor Baird, in the 5th of November last, donated twenty pairs to the State. They were received at the hatchery in good order, and planted in a suitable pond for the winter. Great things are expected of them. There are several kinds propagated in European countries, but two take precedence over all others—the mirror and the leather carp—the latter being the variety forwarded to us. They are vegetable feeders, voraciously eating chopped cabbage, corn mush, boiled potatoes, with aquatic plants and weeds.

Their growth is very rapid, and it is no uncommon thing for them to attain a weight of from two to three pounds at the end of the second year, this depending somewhat upon circumstances. From what is said of them they will be adapted to a large number of our inland lakes and streams, as they require for their rapid growth water of high temperature, and of sufficient depth only to prevent freezing of the bottom. They are simply a food fish without any characteristics which would recommend them to the sportsmen save their edible qualities, which are said to be next to the European trout.

Prof. Baird says in his report: "I fully believe that within ten years this fish will become widely known throughout the country, and esteemed accordingly."

They are exceedingly prolific, a female of two pounds weight often yielding 300,000 ova. Let us cherish the hope that this second installment of emigrants will prove more cosmopolitan than the German white-fish which were planted in Osego Lake some years since, that never have been fit to apply for their naturalization papers.

The time of the Commissioners has been given without any compensation except the pleasure and satisfaction of having studied and cared for the interest of the people of the state at large. That mistakes have occurred in their new and untried fields of work is not surprising, for fish-culture is yet in its infancy, and the way too often is over fields of investigation and experiment involving much hard labor and periods of time.

But it will succeed in the end, and silence and astonish every objector. It may take years, as it has in Europe and Asia, to learn how to adapt the conditions of water to the growth of each species, so as to procure the best results, but time and perseverance will override all obstacles, and bring in the triumphant acclaim of success.

These papers were each received with applause and voted the thanks of the association. A discussion of fish-cultural matters followed, and Mr. Fitzhugh, Jr., offered the following:

Resolved, That this association learns with regret and sadness of the recent death of Professor J. W. Milner, Assistant United States Fish Commissioner of the Northwest, whom we have always regarded as a competent public officer, a genial gentleman, and a warm supporter of the principles of game and fish protection and propagation.

Some feeling remarks were made upon the resolution which was unanimously carried. The Committee on Laws for the Protection of Game, Animals of Fur and Feather, and Insectivorous birds, reported as follows:

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON LAWS FOR THE PROTECTION OF GAME ANIMALS OF FUR AND FEATHER, AND INSECTIVOROUS BIRDS.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention:—The printed proceedings of this association at their meeting in 1879, show that the subject matter referred to this committee received at that time very careful consideration.

The committee having this subject in charge made a report and certain recommendations which can be found on pages 11, 12 and 13 of the proceedings.

The recommendations of the committee were fully discussed by the association, and with certain amendments, were adopted and were then referred to a committee to embody the same into a bill amending the then and now existing game laws, which bill shall be presented to the legislature as the voice of the association. Such a bill found on pages 60, 70 and 71 of the proceedings was prepared but failed to pass the legislature.

We recommend that the following clause be stricken out of section one of that bill, viz: "And no person, corporation, or company shall ship or carry out of this state by means whatever, any of the game protected by this act." And put into a separate bill, and with this clause stricken we recommend that bill as presenting the amendments as proposed to the existing laws. We do not claim that the law as then amended would be a perfect law. We do not insist that the amendments proposed are free from criticism. We do not claim that we have covered all the subjects we might cover, but we respectfully submit that the amendments are such as ought to be made and are all we should undertake to have carried through the legislature on the subject referred to us at one session of the same, in a single bill, leaving other points for separate bills. The amendments we propose in the shape of a bill are as follows:

Sec. 1. The people of the State of Michigan enact, That sections one, five, six, ten and twelve of an act entitled, "An act to revise and consolidate the several acts relating to the protection of game, and for the better preservation of elk, deer, birds and wild fowl," approved April 3, 1860, being sections 2093, 2097, 2098, 2101, 2103 and 2104 of chapter 64 of the compiled laws of 1871 (section 2093 being amended in 1877, section 2097 amended in 1871, and section 2101 amended in 1876) be, and hereby are amended so as to read as follows:

Sec. 1. That no person shall pursue, hunt or kill any wild elk, wild buck, doe or fawn, save only in the Upper Peninsula, from the first day of August to the 15th day of November, and in the Lower Peninsula from the 15th day of September to the 15th day of November, inclusive, in each year, or kill at any time any deer when it is in its red coat, or any fawn when it is in its spotted coat, or have in his possession the skin of such deer or fawn in the red or spotted coat, and the having in possession the skin of such deer or fawn, shall be *prima facie* evidence of such illegal killing. No person shall at any time kill or capture any deer in the waters of any of the state's ponds or lakes within the jurisdiction of this state. No person shall kill or destroy, by any means whatever, or attempt to take or destroy, any wild turkey at any time except in the months of October, November and December of each year, or kill or destroy by any means whatever, any woodcock, except between the first day of September of each year, and the first day of January next following; or any prairie chicken, partridge, or grouse of any species, or any wood duck, teal duck, mallard duck or grey duck, save only from the first day of September, in each year, to the first day of January next following; or any wild water fowl or snipe between the first day of May and the first day of September of each year; or kill or attempt to kill any wild duck or wild goose after sundown, at any season of the year.

Sec. 5. No person shall sell, or expose for sale, or have in possession for the purpose of selling or exposing for sale, any of the birds or animals protected by this act, after the expiration of fifteen days next succeeding the times limited and prescribed for the killing of any such birds or animals: *Provided, however*, That it shall be lawful to expose for sale and to sell any live quail, for the purpose of preserving the same alive through the winter.

Sec. 6. Any person violating any of the provisions of this act, except those contained in section seven, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall likewise be liable to a penalty of fifty dollars for each offense, and shall on conviction thereof, be committed to the common jail of the county until such penalty is paid; *Provided*, That such imprisonment shall not exceed thirty days.

Sec. 10. A prosecution may be brought by any person, in the name of the people of the State of Michigan, against any person or persons violating any of the provisions of this act, before any justice of the peace of the county in which such violation is alleged to have taken place, or where the offender may be found, or before any court of competent jurisdiction, and all fines collected thereby, exclusive of costs shall be paid over to the treasurer of the county where such offense was committed; and it is made the duty of all prosecuting attorneys in this state to see that the provisions of this act are enforced in their respective counties; and they shall prosecute all offenders on receiving information of the violation of any of the provisions of this act; and it is made the duty of sheriffs, under sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, constables and police officers, to inform against and prosecute all persons whom there is probable cause to believe are guilty of violating any of the provisions of this act.

Sec. 12. All prosecutions under the provisions of this act shall be commenced within one year from the time such offense was committed. Respectfully submitted.

S. T. HOLMES.
C. L. COLLINS.

The committee explained that the clause "And no person, corporation or company shall ship or carry out of this state, by any means whatever, any of the game protected by this Act," which was embodied in the proposed game law, as adopted and recommended at the Lansing session of this association in 1879, was eliminated from the present report for the reason that it was framed in a separate bill, it being believed that its embodiment in the proposed bill would endanger the passage of the entire bill. Adopted.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

After the election to individual membership of Mr. J. G. Portman and Dr. J. C. Parker, the following paper was then read:

PROTECTION OF GAME.

To the President and Gentlemen of the Association: The protection of game has been under consideration for years, not only by every state association and local club, but by many persons in no wise connected with any state or local club. The great necessity of more stringent and effective game laws, is apparent to every sportsman that has given the matter any consideration.

The wanton and wholesale destruction of our game that has been done and is still being carried on by local and market hunters, in the last few years calls for an immediate uprising of every true sportsman in the state. To lend their aid and influence, and to unite in some concerted action for the purpose of preparing for presentation to our legislative body at its next session just and equitable amendments to our game laws.

We should be liberal in our views, remembering at all times the greatest good to the greatest number, which is the true motto of all republican forms of government.

I do not propose to discuss the advantage or the disadvantage of worrying deer with or without dogs, as to which is the greatest source of mortality. This matter was very fully ventilated by Prof. H. B. Honey, of East Saginaw, who at the last session of this association at Lansing, by his very able address demonstrated beyond a doubt with evidence who are the real cause of the wanton destruction before mentioned. There can be no longer any question about this matter, and I think I will be warranted in saying that the few scores of deer taken by the true sportsmen in the open season, for food purposes, would amount to almost nothing when compared with the hundreds taken to supply lumber camps and for their hides only. Both the above combined are but a fraction, when figures show that 8-10 of the deer taken in our state go to supply foreign demand.

Judging from the past mortality, and like continuation of the same for a few years longer, we would be obliged to cross the straits for a few days of recreation and sport. There probably never was a more reckless destruction of game in any civilized country than has been carried on in our state the last five years. It would shock a barbarian. There seems to be a large number of worthless and desperate men who openly advocate that they kill game in and out of season in open violation of the law.

And snap their fingers at any person who dare ever remonstrate with them.

I ask you, gentlemen of this association, if we are going to allow a continuation of this unwholesome warfare of our game?

I can only speak for myself—never! If in my power to prevent, and I believe I speak the conviction of every true sportsman.

Why, gentlemen, let us drop off at the several shipping points north of Bay City, and make an examination as to the destination of the venison found for shipment.

New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Buffalo, Toledo, Fort Wayne, Utica, Columbus, Chicago and many other cities, you will find that eight of every ten pounds of venison are tagged for the above mentioned places.

In view of the very flattering majority given in favor of our amendments by the senate, and with but three votes less a constitutional majority in the House at the last session of that honorable body.

I will bring the matter home. It lies within the reach of this association to prevent a continuation of supplying foreign demand.

What are the remedies? Reduce the market value; shorten the time of the open season, are two of the most important amendments.

How shall we reduce the market value? either by prohibiting shipping out of the state as a protective food measure, or restrain the killing of game for no other purpose than home consumption?

There has been, and there still may be, a question as to constitutionality of preventing the shipping of game out of the state other than as a protective food measure. I think it is proper and right to base our future amendments for protection upon the food measure basis. When placed before our legislators upon all its bearings we shall have to give the matter but little attention to secure its passage.

Other states are diligent in affording protection to their game in every possible manner, and some are already restraining persons from exportation.

I wish to present, in support of preventing the exportation of game as strictly a food measure, a portion of the decision of Chief Justice Church, of the Court of Appeals of New York, in the appealed case of Phelps vs. Racy.

The action was brought for selling of game out of season. I will give that portion pertaining to the powers of state legislatures.

The objection of the want of power in the legislature to pass the act is not tenable.

The legislature may pass many laws, the effect of which may be to impair, or even destroy, the right of property.

Private interest must yield to public advantage; all legislative powers, not restrained by expressed or implied provisions, may be exercised.

The protection and preservation of game has been secured by law in all civilized countries, and may be justified on many grounds, and one of which for food purposes.

Let us look at the game law of Maine for a moment. They prohibit the killing of game for the purpose of exportation, as well as for food purposes only.

[Chap. 98, Sec. 1.] No person shall kill or expose for sale, or have in his possession after the same has been killed, any woodcock or ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, except during the times and for the purposes hereinafter mentioned, namely: Any person may, for the purpose of consumption as food, within this state, lawfully kill, expose for sale, or have in possession any woodcock or any ruffed grouse, between the first day of September in any year, and the first day of December following, both days inclusive.

[Sec. 2.] No person shall kill or expose for sale, or have in possession except alive, at any time any woodcock or ruffed grouse, with the intention of sending or transporting, or of having the same sent or transported, beyond the limits of the state, under penalty of not less than five or more than ten dollars for each woodcock or ruffed grouse thus killed, exposed for sale, or had in possession.

There has never been any question raised as to the validity of the law for the open season. I can see no good reason why the same power may not say for what purpose game may be killed.

If Maine can pass the before-mentioned law, we are competent here in Michigan to do likewise; and by so doing we shall have obtained the protection we so much in need of.

Another protection of great importance is by shortening the time of the open season. Instead of it being from September 15 to December 15, let it be changed to open October 15 and close December 1, both days inclusive, for two following reasons:

First. For the purpose of preventing any person or hunting parties from being culpable of wanton destruction of game, and especially deer, during the hot season, in the months of September and early October, in excess of the demand for camp supply, without attempting to utilize them, but leave them to rot with barely their hides taken off, and this has been done by persons that claim to be sportsmen (if they may be called such).

Second. By so doing we shall cut off the harvest month, that is so much looked for by every market hunter. There are more deer killed in December than in all of the balance of the open season.

The does have weaned their fawns, and the running season of the bucks closed, the deer family are again all together.

They are not so watchful, their attention not being diverted save only for subsistence. Together with the usual tracking snows at this season, all add to the benefit of the market hunters, and their kill is by the thousands.

When, if confined to October and November, the does are hiding away from their fawns, the run-ways are cut up only by the buck who are on the wing.

The result is there are more bucks than does killed.

I think it must be clear to your minds by shortening the open season, there will be progeny enough left by protecting the does in December, to replace the number taken the preceding year.

This single question of time is one of great importance, and if established will go far toward replenishing the many already sparse hunting grounds.

I trust that there will be but one more hunting before we shall be able to reap the benefit of a good substantial protective game law. The time has at length arrived when every true sportsman should be up and doing. This is no time for idlers; every sportsman has a duty to perform—twere well if done quickly.

The object of this association is for the purpose of an exchange of views on the several questions that may come up for discussion.

After a full and liberal expression we should waive all minor differences and be one in thought, purpose, and action upon such amendments that will be beneficial not only to ourselves, but to coming posterity.

Again let us renew our energies and stand shoulder to shoulder, and make one more grand rally, and the enemy is ours.

This can be accomplished by nominating and electing representative members from every district possible to our next session of the legislature.

Mr. Higby's paper was received with marked approval. President Holmes called Mr. Higby to the chair, and moved to amend Sec. 5 of the proposed game law by inserting the words "kinds or species of," so that it shall read, "No person shall sell or expose for sale, or have in possession for the purpose of selling or exposing for sale, any of the kinds or species of birds or animals protected by this act after the expiration of fifteen days next succeeding the times limited and prescribed for the killing of any such birds or animals," etc.

The amendment was adopted.

Mr. D. R. Brown, from the East Saginaw Game Protection Club, was admitted as a delegate, having been appointed as a substitute for Mr. T. B. Spencer, the elected delegate.

The secretary then read a paper by Dr. G. A. Stockwell, of Port Huron, relative to the death of Dr. Thomas M. Brewer, the able ornithologist. Dr. Brewer was universally respected abroad and at home as a careful, conscientious, upright gentleman and scientist. Until within a few weeks he had enjoyed excellent health, though he had slight attacks at long intervals of a local malady, up to within a few weeks considered no way alarming, but finally culminated in complications that led to a fatal termination. He died at his residence on Beacon street, Boston, Friday evening, January 23, 1880.

The chairman of the publishing committee then reported, after which Judge Holmes introduced to the association Hon. T. W. Palmer of Detroit, and Representative Cotterell of Wayne county, two of the staunchest friends of the association in the legislature of 1879. The distinguished guests of the association were received with hearty applause. Senator Palmer and Representative Cotterell each responded to their kindly reception, with a few remarks of encouragement to the association in the work of game and fish protection in which they are engaged. Senator Palmer referred to the practice of shooting pigeons from a trap as in his opinion a cruel practice, and hoped the association would, as a body, discountenance it and pass a resolution to that effect.

Mr. Colburn showed that the association had never recognized the question of shooting pigeons from a trap in its deliberations; that the association had higher and nobler business in hand than the agitation of a question which would only serve to bring discord into the convention and cripple its effectiveness for good, the opinions held by its members upon this subject being widely different, and closed by quoting from Mr. Mather's article his sterling compliment to this association, in which he pronounces it one of only three clubs in the United States whose meetings are for protection of game, instead of pigeon slaughter and shooting for prizes.

Judge Holmes stated that as the opinions of the members were so radically divided upon the subject the agitation of the perplexing question in this convention would only result in confusion and discord. Of one thing he was certain, that the members of the association were so heartily enlisted in this humane and important cause, that they would never allow a pigeon shooting tournament to be introduced in connection with the annual meeting of this association, and he believed that in not more than five years, the majority of those present would concur in Senator Palmer's opinion.

The Judge's remarks were received with ringing applause.

The question of an annual encampment of this association, as referred to in the president's opening address, was then taken up for discussion. The remarks elicited from the members showed that the plan met with great favor from the association as a profitable and delightful way of spending a few weeks of the game season in hunting, fishing, the study of natural history and the native flora of our forests, in social intercourse and the comparison of ideas, and the excitement of the chase.

After the treasurer's report the meeting adjourned until the

EVENING SESSION.

The meeting was called to order by the President. The special committee appointed at the afternoon session, upon Mr. McLean's resolution reported the following, read by the chairman, Judge Holmes:

Resolved, That there be appointed by this association a committee to consist of five members, whose duty it shall be to devise and carry out such measures as they shall deem best for the protection of game and fish in the state at large, and that the treasurer of this association be hereby instructed to place in the hands of the chairman of said committee, to be used as the committee may direct, the sum of \$100, and that the members of said committee shall prosecute for such violations of the game laws of the state as they shall deem proper, and shall also attend to the organization of the game protection clubs throughout the state.

Judge Holmes believed no better use could be made of the money than that comprehended in the resolution, and believed that in securing the co-operation of residents in the game districts, we would secure a most valuable aid in accomplishing the desired objects; in substance, that the motto of the association should be, "With malice toward none, with charity for all."

Mr. Clark and Mr. McLean both coincided and believed the committee should approach the residents of the northern sections not with threats of prosecution or harsh words, but with an aim to secure their good will and aid in the prosecution of foreign tramps and market hunters. Judge Holmes believed that moral suasion was the only true course to be pursued with reference to actual residents, but for the unscrupulous professional and hide hunters and bummers from other states, paying no taxes, who came here to kill off our game for gain and profit, who take nothing with them into the woods but a few pounds of pork and a few "traps" in a bag, who spend no money, but kill a sportsman's dog when they see one, and who incite the settlers to feelings of animosity toward the sportsmen of the state, he believed in legal suasion of the stiffest kind, well laid out. Adopted.

The thanks of the association were voted the Bay City Tribune and to the Bay City Common Council for the use of their rooms. It was voted to hold the next annual meeting on the fourth Tuesday in January (25) 1881, at the city of Lansing, after which the convention proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year.

E. H. Gillman and S. A. McLean were appointed tellers.

On the vote for president twenty-two votes were cast of which Dr. E. S. Holmes received twenty-one and W. C. Colburn one.

For secretary—Twenty-four votes were cast, of which H. B. Roney received twenty-three.

For treasurer—Twenty votes were cast, of which N. A. Osgood received twenty.

For director, for four years—Twenty-five votes were cast, of which twenty-two were for D. H. Fitzhugh, Jr., and three were scattering. These gentlemen were declared unanimously elected.

Judge Holmes, W. C. Colburn, and D. H. Fitzhugh escorted the newly elected president to his chair amid uproarious applause, after which President Holmes read the following:

PRESIDENT HOLMES' RETIRING ADDRESS.

Gentlemen of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association:—Having been called upon by your partiality to act as your presiding officer at every meeting of this association since its organization in 1876—excepting the first—it seems proper in taking leave of this honorable position, that I should ask you to spend a few moments in a review of our history, that we may hereafter avoid the errors of the past, and adhere with

greater tenacity to the right. The fundamental principles of our association are the protection, the husbanding of game animals of fur, and feather, and insect-destrory birds, as the stock-breeder cares for his flocks and herds, so as to insure their increase for the use of all at the proper seasons; the elevation of the standard of sportsmanship; the study of the natural history of the game of the state, and the dissemination of useful knowledge on these subjects among the people. In obedience to these principles we have thought it not advisable to institute trap shooting, or other trials of skill, but to spend the time of our annual sessions in more useful literary and scientific work, and in social reunion. This was an experiment that many admonished us would result in failure. But I am happy to be able to announce that after five years' trial it has proved an eminent success. Two years ago it was thought that our usefulness as an association could be augmented by having our transactions published in pamphlet form for gratuitous distribution; thus preserving and placing before a much larger audience the valuable papers, essays, reports, addresses and discussions of our annual sessions. This was also an experiment heretofore untried by a similar organization; and I think we can say the result has been equal to our expectations.

The transactions of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association have been sought for by people outside of the state, and gladly received, read and preserved by our own citizens. The synopsis of the game and fish laws to be found in the pamphlet adds to its value and renders it still more worthy of preservation. By the aid of kind friends who have favored us with their advertisements the expense of the publication, to the association, has been nominal, notwithstanding we have published in two years 2,500 copies. I think we may be pardoned for congratulating ourselves for the success of our new departure, and renewing our zeal, "fight it out on this line." One of the best effects of the organization of clubs, societies and associations for the protection of game is the influence they exert in the formation of a healthy public opinion on this subject, and that influence is very largely increased by the publication and free distribution of our transactions among all classes. By this means hundreds, perhaps thousands, have their attention called to this subject who would not otherwise; and having got a taste of sportsmen's literature, subscribe for and read a sportsman's paper, and then the work is done. Another good effect of associations is the moral influence exerted upon careless, thoughtless sportsmen, restraining them from the violation of law. These are really of more importance, and more to be desired than the prosecution of offenders. Yet as there are those who will not respond to moral influences, prosecutions are necessary. And it is a question eminently worthy of our consideration whether we as an association have performed our whole duty in this respect.

I am experimentally aware of the difficulties that surround the prosecution of offenders against the game laws. It is often impossible to procure evidence, even where there is no doubt of guilt. Many people have a foolish, silly dread of testifying in cases of this kind, and avoid telling what they know. Then, again, public officers sometimes act very strangely. In one case prosecuted by the Kent County Sport men's Club, the law was unquestioned, and the act in violation was clearly proven—the defendant offering no rebutting evidence—and all the consolation we got from court was the discharge of the prisoner without note or comment. Our game laws are also crude, badly worded and ambiguous, and where the language of the law will allow a distortion, time-serving, vote-seeking public officers will construe it so as to shield the accused, provided he carries a few votes in his pocket. Yet we can occasionally succeed, and should not fail to prosecute the guilty whenever there is a reasonable prospect of securing justice. Game laws are frequently not respected as other statutes are. Why this should be so is an enigma to any one who has given the subject serious and intelligent thought. That the game of a country is an important item in the cheap food supply of the people, no one will question. And it is equally true that the killing of game at all times, and in the most destructive ways, will exterminate it, and deprive the people of that source of food supply. If any farmer should pursue such a course with his meat-producing animals, he would be called a fool or an idiot. Yet many a man who would resent the application of such an epithet to himself will embrace every opportunity that presents itself, with the most murderous device ingenuity can construct to accomplish the utter destruction of the deer of our forests, the birds of our fields, and the fishes of our waters. It therefore seems to me there must be some fundamental error in the minds of the people, or they could not act so inconsistently. And I have sometimes thought that error might be found in their ideas of property in game. Some people assume that the wild animals found within the borders of a state belong to that commonwealth. Others carry the idea still farther and claim that such animals within a county, or township, belong to those municipalities respectively, and some go so far as to claim personal right in the game on their farms. Now, nothing can be more untenable than any of these assumptions. I believe it is a fundamental principle in law that one cannot claim property in anything, a title to which he cannot transfer to another. Who has a transferable title to any wild animal in these United States? Clearly, no one. Now let us go back a little and see if we can get a clear and correct view of the ownership of wild game. The principles of common law are common to all civilized nations, as are also the principles of natural law. According to the latter, wild animals are "the property of nobody." And according to the former, as expounded by English jurists, all game animals belong to the Crown. As the original civilized population of this country was transplanted from England, the fundamental principles of English law came with them. But as in our republican form of government the people are the Crown, therefore the wild game belongs to the people. It occupies the same position as the public land of the United States does. Hence it is a question in the minds of some whether all legislation relative to game should not be by the general government. And I hope this question may be settled by the proper authorities at no distant day. Until such time it is sufficient for us that such legislation is relegated to individual states, by common consent.

But to return. As in the case of public lands, so with regard to wild animals, "it follows from the very end and constitution of society that the seizing and occupancy of all property without an owner," as public lands and wild animals, "to man as an individual, may be restrained by positive laws enacted for reasons of state, or for the supposed benefit of the community." An unquestionable expounder of common law says further: "This restriction may be either with respect to the place in which this right may or may not be exercised; with respect to the animals that are subjects of this right, or with respect to the persons allowed or forbidden to exercise it." Thus we see that game laws are just as worthy of respect as the laws regulating the sale of public land, or any other legislative enactments. And whoever transgresses against these laws should suffer the condign punishment imposed by them; and whoever knows of a transgression and does not use his best endeavors to bring the culprit to justice, is equally guilty. I trust that no member of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association will ever figure as principal or accessory in a violation of the game laws of this or any other state. Did time permit, it would be interesting to pursue this subject in its sanitary aspects, and show the necessity of laws, or practice prohibiting the possession, sale or use of game at certain times. It must suffice to state the patent fact that there are times when the flesh of all animals is unclean, unfit for food, and sometimes poisonous; and those times are during the procreating and breeding seasons, and for periods thereafter sufficient to restore the animals to their normal health and vigor. If we had no game laws, the health and welfare of the community would demand a close time when game should not be killed. If we would but pursue the same course with reference to game that experience and good judgment has taught us to follow in the care and use of domestic animals, the problem of game protection would be solved. But the enactment of wise laws for the protection of wild animals of the land, air, and water, and a willing obedience to those laws, can never be accomplished, any more than the proper treatment of those animals without law, except by the general diffusion of correct knowledge on these subjects. It is the proper mission of sportsmen's organizations to accomplish this work. We should embrace every opportunity, and use every means within our reach, to diffuse sound knowledge, to create a healthy sentiment, and to correct public opinion with regard to field sports and game protection. We should encourage the weak, admonish the thoughtless, and prosecute the vicious. We should yield most implicit obedience to the law ourselves, even if it is not just what it should be. The best way to secure the repeal or amendment of a bad law is to enforce it. Fellows of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association, let us take courage, and with renewed zeal and devotion continue our well-begun work, assured that if we do not live to enjoy the full fruition of our labors, those who come after us will.

The secretary then spoke of the educating influence of such papers as the CHICAGO FIELD and Forest and Stream, and expressed regret that so few sportsmen, comparatively, took a paper devoted to their interests. He thought the value of such a paper received weekly, in toning up a lax public sentiment in favor of a stiff, orthodox observance of game laws, and imparting a vast fund of valuable information rarely, could not be estimated.

Judge Holmes, Mr. Colburn and others followed, with remarks recommending, in the highest terms, both the CHICAGO FIELD and Forest and Stream.

The secretary read two pleasant letters from Dr. N. R. W., editor of the CHICAGO FIELD, and one from Arnold Burges, regretting their inability to be present at this meeting.

* Blackstone.

Mr. Collins offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That we commend to the sportsmen of Michigan the CHICAGO FIELD, and the Forest and Stream and Rod and Gun, as papers which are eminently useful in forwarding those interests which are most useful and beneficial to them.

Carried.

Mr. McLean, on behalf of the two sportsmen's clubs of Bay City, tendered an invitation to the association to participate in a glass ball shoot and a carriage ride around the city, which was accepted with the thanks of the association.

On motion, the association then adjourned sine die.

THE BANQUET.

The fifth annual session of the association, which had been marked throughout by remarkable harmony and sincerity of action, and pleasant feeling, came to a fitting close with a grand banquet at the Fraser House on Wednesday evening, Feb. 4, given by the Bay City Sportsmen's clubs in honor of the State Association. Two long tables, running the entire length of the great dining hall, were filled with invited guests, who did full justice to "mine host" Van Deusen's magnificent menu, which was as follows:

SUPPER.		
OYSTERS.		
Saddle Rocks, Fried.		Escalloped.
Raw.		Stewed.
MEATS.		
Boned Turkey, with Celery.		Bolled Ham.
Beef Tongue.		Roast Turkey.
Turkey, boned, with Jelly.		
SALADS.		
Lobster.		German.
RELIEVES.		
Celery.		Olives.
Tomato Catsup.		Mixed Pickles.
ORNAMENTAL CAKES AND CONFECTIONERY.		
Chocolate Layer Cake.		Albany Cake.
Confectionery Cake.		Cocoanut Layer Cake.
Maccaroni Pyramids.		Orange Layer Cake.
Delicate Cake.		Berwick Sponge Cake.
Fruit Cake Pyramids.		Queen's Cake.
JELLY AND CREAMS.		
Champagne Jelly.		Charlotte de Russe.
Vanilla Ice Cream.		Florida Jelly.
Lemon Ice Cream.		Baskets of Charlotte de Russe.
DESSERTS.		
Florida Oranges.		Malaga Grapes.
Mixed Candies.		Figs.
Tea.		Coffee.

At the conclusion of the feast Mr. C. F. Gibson, toast master, introduced the ceremonies by offering the first toast of the evening; "Our guests from abroad," and called upon his Honor the Mayor, J. H. Wilkin, the chairman for the evening, to respond. Mr. Wilkin in a few remarks cordially welcomed the sportsmen of the state to the city; spoke of the work of education the association was engaged in, and noted the progress that had been made in molding public sentiment in this direction in the past few years. He spoke of the popular estimate of a sportsman as a man who cares only for trap-shooting, and nothing for protection of game, and noticed in how effective a manner the association had refuted this false impression.

The next toast "The Supreme Court of Michigan" was responded to by Judge Isaac Marston of the Supreme Court, who gave an amusing account of his first experiences in hunting. The Judge made a quite favorable impression as to his qualification as a sportsman until he spoke of a "snipe lighting upon a tree," which was too much for the risibilities of the company who burst into uncontrollable laughter. The Judge in a most entertaining manner, said that Governor Palmer would not veto the association's next bill, and closed by wishing the association "God speed" in its noble work. The Teutonia Quartette then gave a song which was heartily encored. The third toast was "The Protection of our Fish and Game, an absolute necessity and the object of our association." Judge S. T. Holmes was called upon to respond. The Judge commenced by relating some amusing incidents at the expense of President Holmes, D. H. Fitzhugh, and others, which were received with laughter. He explained at length the objects of the association, and the cause which exists for the efficient work it is doing; he spoke in the severest terms of the culpable practice of killing for "count," and for hides and wasteful slaughter. He showed that while years ago the term "sportsmen" was one of reproach, now the sportsmen's association numbers among its members, men of wealth and influence, of high position, culture and refinement, while the sportsmen's papers were of the highest character and numbered among their editors and contributors, some of the eminent and able writers in the country. The Judge's remarks also contained reference to the immense exportation of game as a traffic which ought to be immediately stopped and was an admirable epitome of the association's aims and objects. The fourth toast "The State of Michigan," was responded to by Senator T. W. Palmer. After a genial and witty introduction, Mr. Palmer replied to the toast as follows:

SENATOR PALMER'S RESPONSE.

In answering to the toast given, I would say that my only regret is that I could not have had time to have elaborated, pruned and condensed, as the case might be, thoughts that involuntarily throng my brain and inspire my breath when I hear the word Michigan. After the mention of the flag which our dear old state did so much to maintain, no word in the language is fraught with more meaning to me. Born on her soil, nursed on her bosom, sheltered in her homes, I should be recreant to all my instincts and traditions did I not give testimony to a love which has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength.

"Not many moons ago when we now stand the wild fox dug his hole unsecured and the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate," but though young to civilization she is comparatively old in history. Charlevoix, Champlain, La Salle, Marquette, have pressed her soil, skirted her shores, traversed her bays, threaded her rivers, and one of them, at least, mingled his mold with hers. The two most eminent Indian chiefs of our annals, Pontiac and Tecumseh, have wrestled here for the supremacy of an empire. Mad Anthony Wayne and Harrison have pitched their tents within her borders, and with others paved the way for a transformation unequalled outside the experience of the caliph of Bagdad.

If you ask me where are our great men now, I would answer, Unhappy is the time when heroes are evolved! Unhappy is the state where men pre-eminently great are developed! On the high and fertile steppes of South America no peaks are seen. It is only where the ground is seamed and rent with volcanic fires that mountains arise. In human affairs, where the conditions are equal and the average is high, men, who, with other surroundings, might tower above their fellows are not distinguished from the mass.

The darkest, saddest time which Michigan ever saw revealed her heroes; when from field and forest, hillside and glen, town and hamlet, they went forth to form a wall around their political "holy of holies;" a living wall to be mutilated, to be rent, but not to be destroyed. The names of the 90,000 men who fought not for her alone, but for humanity—for the future—these are her crowning and ineffable glory.

It is needless for me, gentlemen, to recount our material resources, the fertility of our soil, the immensity and quality of our forests, our mines of iron, copper, silver and salt, our streams, beneficent and never destructive, veining the whole length of the state, our manufactures, varied and extensive, our cities and villages—all this is as familiar to you or more so than to myself, and lastly but not the least, our fisheries and game preserves. And in regard to these two last subjects, permit me to say that your association bids fair to put the people of the state under obligations to you. I am not a disciple of the gun and rod, my experience being in fishing very like the "Love Fisherman" in "Evangeline." I have read Isaac Walton, and have come to the conclusion that he was not a bad man; as long as the big fish eat up the little ones, and they in turn are eaten by the bigger, I can see no reason why man should not take a hand in, and it is my impression that this idea

would carry among the fish themselves, if balloted for, could we exclude the floating vote. This view receives additional force when it is known that your active influence is given to the promotion of the reproduction of fish and the protection of the young and the old fishes when in regard to hunting, my experience is confined to shooting a few pigeons when I was a boy, firing at a buck at a distance of ten feet, at a time when I must have had the buck fever, for he went ten feet, at a air, and I went as far backward, and firing at a bevy of partridges in the out effect for some minutes when my dog rushed in and killed two, which I carried off as trophies. I know, however, that the aim of your association is beneficent, to-wit: the increase and protection of the game of our forests. Your organization cannot but be productive of good. Your discussions will lead to the adoption of rules which will characterize as unsportsmanlike all that is inhuman, and as long as animals are to be killed for the use of man it is better that they should be humane and intelligent gentlemen, than to suffer at the hands of ignorant and brutal.

There was one idea suggested by Mr. Gillman in his interesting paper on dogs. He speaks of the canine aristocrat and inferentially deduces him to be the one who is best able and willing to do the will of his master and his friend. Now if we could establish a human aristocracy on such a basis, and be sure we should make no mistakes in the classification, I think we would all go in for it, and I would propose as a toast, Mr. Chairman, "The true aristocracy, the best servant of their God, their country and their friends." So you see we may learn something from dog culture. As to the Elder Cantharides, I supposed his knowledge of dogs was confined to fly-ticks.

They say history repeats itself, and I've been thinking to-night that possibly 100 years ago or more this very night, a convention may have been held on this spot; not in so comfortable a room, not around so hospitable a board, for game was getting scarce; not by such genial companions, but by men, dusky skinned, of long hair and sombre faces. To them the import of the convention was one of life and death, for elk and bear were hard to find. It was starvation or removal from the graves of their kindred. The noble old Saginaw, the name given it by the race who held the first convention, rolled on to the same cadence as now.

A strange race came, men who held conventions for a purpose, and whose conventions were prolific of results. They felled the forests, they put up chimneys that pierced the skies; they bored holes to the bowels of the earth; their furnace fires gave forth a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night; they built ships whose keels have borne their wares to distant climes; they made roads to the north, the south, the east, and the west; they erected palaces that the children of the rich and poor might be educated alike; they bulid bridges through which the armies of an empire were borne, and over which the wheels of traffic and the tread of industry resounded; they invited the stranger from without their gates, and made him feel as if he had been leneating, and wished to abide with them, and as they waxed great their hearts grew large, and every enterprise they achieved opened new avenues of sunshine; and still the old river that rolls by their door posts and which pierces the land like an artery with its attendant veins still rolls on to the same old refrain:

Man may come, and man may go,
But I go on forever.

The toast-master then called upon Mr. Gillman for a song, which he responded to by singing one he thought appropriate, in view of the association's work with the next legislature, "Put your shoulder to the wheel." Mr. Gillman was encored and "obliged" again.

The fifth toast, "The Press," was responded to by Mr. McMillan, of the Bay City Press. Mr. McMillan spoke in his usual happy and witty manner, which kept the company in roars of laughter.

The Teutonia quartette then favored the company with another song, which was beautifully given, and applauded.

The sixth toast, "Our Sister Societies," was responded to by Mr. T. B. Donnelly, who referred to the work being accomplished by the association, cordially welcomed the members to Bay City, and promised a warm reception upon a second visit.

The seventh toast was "The Legal Profession" and brought upon the floor T. A. E. Weadock, Esq., who touched the right chord when he said that the first and most important work of the association was in educating the public in general up to a proper appreciation of the importance and value of the preservation of game and fish, and that after that, the task was comparatively an easy one.

Mr. L. Daniels was next called upon for a song and gave a selection from "Trovatore."

The eighth toast, "The Manufacturing Interests of Our State," was responded to by W. C. Colburn, who spoke of the importance of the manufacturing interests of any state, and of the richness of Michigan in minerals and other natural productions, but believed the value to the people of the game and fish food supplies of the state was as great as that of its minerals, and thanked the Bay City sportsmen, on behalf of the delegates from abroad, for the princely manner in which they had entertained their guests.

Mr. Seth McLean, who was called upon to respond to the ninth toast, "The Ladies," made a few remarks and turned this duty over to the toast-master, as one better acquainted with the subject.

The tenth toast, "Mine Host," called out Mr. C. L. Collins, who paid a handsome compliment to "Mine Host," Van Deusen, of the Fraser House, as a gentleman and a landlord of whom the city might well be proud, all of which was endorsed to the echo.

Another song by the quartette and a piano solo by H. B. Roney followed, after which Dr. Holmes, President of the Association, being called for, replied in a few words expressing the deep and heartfelt thanks of the association, for the unexpected and generous reception which was given them from first to last. He spoke of the evident regret with which the members adjourned sine die, and believed great good had been accomplished at this meeting. After three cheers for the Michigan Sportsmen's Association proposed by Mayor Wilkin, the company rose and gathered around the piano, and all united in singing "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot," after which, at 1:30 a. m., they dispersed to meet on the morrow.

The work of the association having been fully accomplished, the next day was devoted to pleasure, which included a ride around the city, a glass ball shoot, a fox chase, a visit to S. McLean & Son's pin factory, and various institutions, after which the reluctant "good bye's" were said, and the members who had become endeared to each other by ties of friendship and mutual interest in a good and noble cause, departed for their respective homes to meet, D.V., one year hence at the state capital. So closed a remarkable meeting of true and earnest sportsmen, and its good influences will be felt for many years. H. B. R.

Hunting in Northern Europe.

BY FAITHFUL.

In this country where, with a few exceptions, hunting is free to all, sportsmen can hardly understand how their brothers can satisfy their hunting passion in countries where the right to hunt belongs exclusively to the land-owners, and where this right is jealously guarded by the expensive keeping of a number of Foresters, and where heavy fines and the confiscation of the gun is the penalty for being found hunting on another man's ground.

To us it would seem impossible for any one not belonging to the favored class of large estate owners, or the less-favored class of game keepers, ever to get practice enough on game to become even a moderate shot. If it has any interest for the readers of the CHICAGO FIELD I shall here describe the way in which outsiders in such places can satisfy their passion for shooting and become true sportsmen even if they never own more land than the seven feet which of Christian charity they get for a grave. To such of your readers as may have occasion to visit Northern

Europe, I hope my description may become the means of their partaking in true and enjoyable sport, to which they else might think the doors barred to them. I do not speak of England with its landed aristocracy, where it probably would be next to impossible for any common traveler to get an invitation to their hunting parties. But my pen invites my brother sportsman to visit happy little Denmark and also the adjoining countries, Norway, Sweden and Germany.

In those countries the inhabitants of cities and towns generally have one or more large public places where they can practice shooting, either ground belonging to rifle clubs, or used for drilling soldiers or like, or else the future sportsman must go to the beach to get his first lessons in shooting. Now for the game! Where will he find it and where will he be permitted to kill it?

Even the smallest farmer in Denmark now owns his own hunting privileges, and, unlike the large land-owners, he seldom cares much for it, but in most cases he willingly gives permission to his city friends or acquaintances to shoot on his ground, when asked. I now speak of owners of farms from twenty to 160 acres or more. Such permission is, however, often of very little practical value, as it may happen that a hunter on such ground may not find a single hare or flock of partridges in a whole day's hunt. An exception to this is swamp shooting on farmers' ground, where often excellent snipe shooting may be found. The snipe is the true English snipe, and a little larger than our snipe. It is called the double beccasin. A smaller variety is called the single beccasin or mute snipe. Also a larger kind are found called the three-double beccasin, nearly of the size of the American woodcock. It does not fly quick, and is highly prized by hunters. When it flies it points its long bill straight out in line with the body. I need not say that in a country where game, as a general thing, is scarce, snipe shooting is highly valued by all true sportsmen.

Shooting on the sea is free to all, but as the numerous water-fowls are hard to approach in still weather, this kind of shooting seldom gives satisfaction, except in Winter-time, when the bays are frozen, and thousands of water fowls are found in the so-called "Waager," or openings in the ice. But here must the hunter often risk his life for a couple of ducks, so that this mode of hunting is mostly practiced by the hardy fishermen who, with great trouble, pull their heavy boats over the ice to the shooting-ground.

The writer was once only saved by his gun, which rested on the more solid ice, when he went under in a hole forming a half circle toward the open water, smaller than the length of the gun. New ice had frozen during the night, and snow had fallen in the morning so that the hole was not discernible until he was taking his impromptu plunge-bath.

I should think that only few American hunters would care much for such shooting as I heretofore have described, but the shooting on the large estates, where the game is protected, or rather the only places where there is any game left (with a few exceptions in the northern part of Jutland) is more desirable.

Although the large land-owners, whether they are noblemen or not, nearly all very jealously guard their hunting privilege from abuse from "Creepshots," as they are called, with an expense many times larger than all their game is worth, yet they very seldom have any objection to the true sportsman enjoying the shooting on their grounds in company with the game-keeper or forester, and on the condition that all the game killed is delivered to him. Often are also such self-introduced sportsmen invited to the large dog or drive hunts prepared for the owner of the estate and his friends, and which nearly all ends with a big game supper.

I now speak of estates large enough to keep a forester, or at least a game-keeper, which depends on the amount of timber on the estate, and which vary in size from one-half or a whole section of land, to such as own hunting privileges on twenty square miles.

Many hunters may not like the condition to deliver the game they kill; but in a country where good shooting cannot be had any other way, the passionate hunters are only too glad to avail themselves of this opportunity. At least I for one have enjoyed such hunting better than any other in my life; and even now, when on this cold Winter day, recollection carries me back to the days of my youth, my heart beats faster as I think of the many happy hours I have spent—gun in hand—in beautiful woods, listening to the music of the hounds and watching for the quick-footed hare, the sly fox or the stately roebuck. In Germany and Scandinavia foxes are shot or trapped, and not hunted on horseback as in England.

On most large estates the gamekeeper, or hunter, as he is called, has permission to take any hunting companions he may choose, on the condition before mentioned; and often, when he, for instance, on a certain day shall bring a roebuck or a certain number of hares, or when he is hunting foxes, the fur of which belongs to himself, he is only too glad of getting good hunting comrades, especially when they beforehand bring themselves in his good grace by presenting him with a good hunting knife, a gamebag, or the like. Where, as seldom is the case, the hunter himself cannot grant such permission, an application to the forester or estate owner for a day's shooting with him will nearly always be granted, and often with orders for extra preparations for a successful hunt, or invitations to the neighboring sportsmen to join in a large hunt with hounds, or a drive-hunt where no dogs are used, but the game is driven to the hunters by a whole skilful line of men and boys, often fifty to one hundred in number.

Not only may a stranger who this way is introduced by himself or by a friend to the hunter on an estate, as before stated, get an invitation to the larger hunts; but he may even get invited to the family circle or to the festive suppers which generally end such hunting parties. In such cases I can guarantee that he will soon feel himself at home, especially if he understands the language, with the generous Danish hospitality, and where both landlord and guests scrupulously do their utmost to this effect, so that the stranger shall think well both of them and of their country. This, if I may be permitted to call it so, beautiful national characteristic of the Danes is even noted by the numerous Germans (whom the Danes consider as their deadly and unjust enemies) which every year visit Copenhagen, on account of the numerous museums and art galleries, the beautiful parks and other surroundings, cheap and extra good living, and no less cheap but substantial amusements of every possible kind. But back to our hunt again.

For several reasons is this way of obtaining good shooting highly to be recommended to the not over wealthy or poor sportsman, as he without expense can have as much enjoyment as the owner of the estate himself. The game-keeper generally knows every deer and fox run on the estate, and even the places where the hares most likely will come within shooting distance, and also furnishes dogs or drivers without expense to the partakers in the hunt. Except for partridge and hare shooting in the Fall in the open fields, where only a very limited number of hunters are invited, the hunting after deer, foxes and hares all take place in the timber.

The hunters, five, ten to twenty in number, meet at the appointed time and place, and from there march to the woods. The head game-keeper puts each hunter on his post, and no man is

allowed to leave it before the signal (bugle or other) is given. He or another game-keeper now leads the dogs or drivers to the other end of the "saat" (the part of the wood hunted over at a time) and drives the game to the beforehand posted hunters. Very soon you will hear his voice encouraging the dogs; shortly thereafter the full music of the dogs—generally the short-legged, slow-driving dachshund, with Hector or another favorite dog as a leader, and soon the first shot is fired, re-echoing for miles in the woods and shortly after followed by others.

Reader, if you under such circumstances have your post in a beautiful wood of century-old beech or oak trees, on one of the forest roads, with your back to one of the veteran trees, and a young plantation of Norway spruce or Scotch pine in front of you, hemming in your sight this way except at certain openings, and you then suddenly hear Hector or Diana give voice in front of your post, soon followed by the other dogs who at full speed come nearer, leaving you in doubt of what kind of game is coming and whether it will come to your post or to your neighbor's, whether it will come within easy killing distance or whether you shall make yourself the target of your comrade's good-humored jest by shooting too hasty or too far and shall have the mortification to see the game—your game—escape, or have the triumph of stopping its career, if you under such circumstances do not feel and think that you also hear your heart beat tattoo in your breast—then indeed do I think that you had better hunt only where you can hunt for meat or where you can keep the game you kill.

Soon the "saat" is driven through, and the game found therein either killed or escaped into another "saat." The bugle gives the signal, the hunters leave their posts, each man bringing his game to the rendezvous, where the foxes are skinned, the deer dressed, and the hares laid in rows for inspection, and so on from "saat to saat," from forest to forest, all day long, with exception of lunch held by the side of a murmuring brook, but where the well-filled hunter's bottles, passing from hand to hand, from friend to friend, contain something more strengthening than water. Mark you! If you missed or wounded a roebuck, if Mr. Fox or Mrs. Hare passed your post unhurt, you will then become the jest of the whole good-humored company. One will ask what Mr. Fox gave in bribe-money, etc. On the other hand it may happen that you become the cause of your comrade's secret jealousy—hunter's jealousy—and that they wish they had been in your boots, if, for instance, you happened to kill all the game in the whole "saat," or on a day when only two deer must be killed you should happen to put an end to this fun by a lucky double shot. Sometimes only a limited number of deer must be killed a day, especially in the woods in the center of the estate. On the outskirts thereof, generally all are shot that come within range.

Rifles are never allowed to be used in the timber when hunters are together.

The roebuck is smaller than any of our American deer, but has a more graceful and stately bearing. They are killed with BB shot, or even smaller.

In the evening, when the hunt is over, the deer are either laid in wagons, or tied together at the knees with the head between the forelegs and carried by four hunters on a pole, and now the whole crowd marches after them, singing well-known hunters' songs so common in Germany and Scandinavia. Arrived at the starting point, the hunters scatter for home, after appointing the next hunt, and after a hearty drink of the bottle, which, according to the owner's taste or means, contains everything from the common Danish brandy to the finest wines, cognacs or cordials.

For my part, I have had more genuine hunter's satisfaction on such hunts as I have tried to describe, than on many trips that have been costly, both in time and money, and I hope that some of my readers (as well as myself) in the future may have occasion to enjoy them to their hearts' content.

Sometimes only one or two hunters go with the game-keeper. If this finds favor with the readers of the CHICAGO FIELD, I shall, another time, under name of "My First Fox and Deer," describe the way of such hunting.

[We shall be pleased to receive it.—Ed.]

Three days Among the Ducks in Dakota.

SIOUX FALLS, D. T.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—We are two. For several days we have seen large flocks of ducks, and heard rumors that great numbers are stopping for a time in the rice swales, and ponds to the northward. It has all along been our intention to take the few days our time allows us, for a hunt among the antelope on the Eakota river, but cold weather is coming on, and as our firearms and accoutrements are not exactly such as are needed on such a trip, as a dernier resort the ducks must take it if they can be found.

At last we are ready. Our guns are not of the approved pattern, but are good for the kind, muzzle-loaders. Don't turn up your nose fellow sportsman at this fact; but a few years ago a good double gun was a luxury among the best sportsmen and it is used yet by many such who are unable to own a more expensive arm. One thing is certain, that game does not disappear so fast where muzzle-loaders are used. But I suppose to many that is no argument in favor of their use, for it might be urged by some that most of the game would die of old age in this country before their turn would come to be killed by a muzzle-loader. A tent, camp-stove, provisions, etc., a good dog and hunting skill complete our outfit. Our objective point is a slough or swale to the north a day's journey, and for the sake of a name we call it "Mud Flat." Never was a name more appropriate. It was once a fine little lake from a half to three-quarters of a mile wide and three miles long; but it is now dwindled down to a duck and rat wallow, with water in most places only sufficient to float a small hunting skiff, and grown up all over with wild rice and rushes. Openings, like roads cut by muskrats, lead all over the bottom; now and then an opening occurs of clear, open water of an acre or two in extent, altogether making it a paradise for ducks.

A neighbor who hauls our outfit up, kindly stops now and then to let us try our hand on prairie chickens. Such sport is interesting, even on a duck hunt, and it is late in the day before we reach the place named. The outlook at first is most discouraging.

There lies the Flat, hemmed in all around by high and sloping banks; but little water is seen from the shore, and it is already evident that unless we can hunt in our skiff, but few ducks can be got. Stray ducks are seen flying here and there, but all alight far out from the shore. A few geese and ducks are seen far up the slough in an opening, but everywhere all is quiet; nothing to indicate the whirlwind of feathered game that was soon to burst upon our view. While we are anxiously looking around for a good camping spot, and a place where water near the shore is deep enough to float our boat, some hunter fires a gun off at the upper end of the slough. Great heavens! had an earthquake turned Mud Flat upside-down, our astonishment would not have been much greater. A roar like distant thunder came from those reeds and up rose like a storm the ducks, thousands of ducks, so thickly huddled together in places that they resembled immense flocks of black-birds rising from a rice field. Soon the whole surface of that flat was alive with its

winged denizens; the rushing wings, their quacking disapproval of their disturbance, plunging down among the rushes here and there, then out again at some new or fancied alarm, made the scene one of the most striking of the kind I ever witnessed. A spirit of enthusiasm took possession of us as we anticipated the great sport at hand, and firing off a shot or two to increase the uproar, we took off our hats and gave lusty cheers.

Unpacking our things from the wagon as quickly as possible that our driver might return home that day, and then eating our afternoon dinner, we proceeded to get our boat out into the slough. It was hard work at first, and we began to fear that our hunt might not prove what we had pictured it. At last our boat floated, and soon the fun commenced. One would paddle, seated in the stern, and the other, crouched at the bow, would shoot as the game came up. We pushed the skiff quietly along the roadways cut by rats, and now and then, like rushing wind, the ducks would rise within tossing distance of us. Our guns were soon empty; and as we frantically rammed home powder and shot wads, the ducks seemed to laugh at our chagrin and disappointment, in not being able to get in ten shots where it was hard work to get in one. "My kingdom for a gun that would shoot a hundred times before reloading!" cries my friend W.; and I could but respond, Amen! Never were muzzle-loading guns kept so near empty all the time as during that hour's hunt. "But there is always something, etc." Unless we used care in dropping our ducks we lost half of them. Our dog was of little use to us. If the ducks fell among the reeds as most of them did, for we shot in every direction, if they were but winged they crawled away before they could be reached. We soon found our shot was too light, and unless we dropped them dead, and in open places, we lost more than we got. It was impossible to make much headway, even afoot, outside the roadways, so thick were the reeds. All our shooting, in that hour's hunt, was done without regard to consequences as we did not change our tactics until the next day. But night is approaching, and we must to camp, pitch our tent and get ready for to-morrow's sport. On counting our game we find we have thirty bills.

The second day dawned. Bad luck to us. No wonder the ducks were complaining all night. The water among the reeds and in many open places is frozen over, but not sufficient to bear us. What is to be done? No ducks this day, unless the wind springs up, and breaks up the ice. We break a way through the ice, out into the center of the flat, and find many places there the ducks have kept open by active paddling. The ducks are shy and our skiff makes so much noise in forcing it through the ice, that we alarm them before getting in gun-shot. We get but few shots before nine o'clock at which time the wind has begun to blow. Now for sport. We are soon able to make our way without being heard, and as we approach one of those night bivouacs of the duck the sight is wonderful. Packed in almost as close as they can sit, can be seen a half acre covered with ducks. We can not get within killing distance with fine shot, so my friend draws a charge from his gun, a heavy twelve pound gun, and rolls in twelve small buck-shot. "Steady the boat now," said he, and bang! went his gun. A roar almost as loud as the report of his gun came from the pond, and in ten seconds the air was alive with wings. We push our boat into the rushes, and shoot only at the ducks as they pass over an open bit of water in front. The wind from their wings almost fans our cheeks, but we have found there is no use getting excited and throwing away charges; it takes too much time to re-load. We pick our birds, and often bring down two at a single fire. Our guns are again empty. Oh! for a breech-loader. "Keep your hat brim down," said W. "You will get your game eye damaged. Had I been looking out, I could have killed that fellow with my ramrod. Just look at that! they could drown us if they knew we used crowsbars for guns!" Such remarks followed each other in rapid succession, many times during the day's hunt.

Twice during the day I found myself putting powder over the shot, or two loads in one barrel. I state solid facts. I am not trying to emulate Joaquin Miller's salmon story. So the fun went on. After we had routed them from one part of the flat, they would settle down in some other part; then we would slyly row along some by-way, paying no attention to stray ones, until we could reach them with buck-shot, when the scene would be repeated. But the afternoon is waning; our guns are dirty, although we have cleaned them once since morning, and we are getting tired. "Let's go to camp, dress our game, clean our guns and get some supper," said W. "We want to stretch out our fun, and judging from my ammunition, we will burn up all our powder to-morrow if the weather is fair." We return to camp, and on counting our game find we have one hundred and nine, of all ages, sexes, and sizes.

The morning of the last day opens clear and cold. We look upon the days prospect of sport with despair. No hunting with the skiff to-day, and without it nothing can be done. The water all over the flat is frozen over this morning, but not strong enough to bear us. Ducks are heard far out in the center, in open deep spots of water where the wind keeping the water in motion, and the large number of ducks swimming in them, prevented their freezing over. We spend the day tramping around the outer edge, and tipping up a reckless fowl at times who ventures outside prescribed limits. Toward night, as it begins to grow colder, the ducks show signs of uneasiness; they are seen dressing their feathers and trying their wings. Good-by, birdies, I thought, ere another sun gilds your bright plumage, you will be far away toward your southern winter's home. I surmised correctly. About sundown they began to leave in small squads. We return early to camp, having bagged only about twenty in all day.

The morning of the fourth day, when we start for home, is very cold. Mud Flat is solid for sure, this time. We sally out to look for game and find only a few ducks that were too poor or weak to undertake the southern trip last night. We shoot a few, but they are inferior to those killed before. There is not more than a hundred in all left. The poor things have kept a few small spots open all night, and to these they stick. About ten o'clock our teamster comes to take us home. Our hunt is ended. We pack up and in another hour are rolling homeward. Our hunt has been an exceptionally interesting one; and I shall look forward with pleasure a twelve-month hence when I hope to enjoy something of the like again. Barring the cold weather at its close, it will ever be reverted to with pleasure, and even this slight alloy will have its bitter-sweet. RAMBLER.

Quail Shooting in Southern Illinois.

BY TRAVELER.

I had often heard my friend Wm. G. (familiarily known to the shooting fraternity as Billy) sing the praises of Southern Illinois as a "paradise" for those who love to hunt that game and interesting little bird which, *me judice*, affords the finest sport over a good brace of dogs, of all and any of our game birds.

A trip to Dwight, Ill., the early part of October, had assured us that the season promised to be a fair one, and that quail were plenty. So, after several letters from the above-mentioned Wm. G., urging us to come West as early as possible, we packed

our sporting traps, called Dash and Belle, and, wending our way to the Pennsylvania Railroad depot, left New York for Chicago.

We had been disappointed more than once by Wm. G., but must confess that we were somewhat surprised after his voluminous correspondence to find him unable to go with us for a few days. "Alna Storm," one of Billy's "intimates," declares it was all "bosh." Furthermore he advised us not to delay our departure, but to go at once, and let Billy follow. Now, "Alna Storm," as may readily be imagined from his surname, is considered infallible in questions pertaining to the weather, so much so that the "habitués" of E. Thomas, Jr., invariably consult him previous to their shooting trips. Well do we remember the poor success and sorry plight of a party that ventured out against his express advice, and were vanquished by an equinoctial storm. Therefore, having eaten our Thanksgiving dinner, we found ourselves on the Illinois Central Express bound for Watson, Effingham county, Illinois, and the hospitable resort presided over by General La Rue. Billy had asseverated again and again that he would join us without fail in four or five days.

About an hour before daylight we arrived at Watson, the thermometer below zero, and two or three inches of snow on the ground—a good commencement truly—in a strange place. Taking a cursory review of the surroundings, we espied smoke issuing out of a chimney half a mile away in the village. So trusting to the honesty of passers-by, or rather the unlikelihood of them, at that time in the morning, we left our traps lying on the platform at the railway station, and started for the smoke.

We were not doomed to disappointment; an early riser (or obedient husband) in that enterprising town was astir, and answering our summons directed us to the General's. We soon routed him out, and speedily had a good fire to sit by. Now, the General swears by Billy, so our letter of introduction fixed us all right. After breakfast we asked him if it was not rather cold for his section of the country. He replied in the affirmative; said the snow would not last more than a day or two, and that the shooting was good. We rested, and bided our time, not caring much to hunt alone. Then the weather looking somewhat more favorable, tried an afternoon's shooting. It was too cold, however. The birds had not moved much, and we gave it up for a bad job. The thermometer kept falling for the next few days. General La Rue said he had never seen such weather, and kept wondering why Billy did not come. Tired of this irksome way of living, we started out in quest of sport the first indication of suitable weather.

For the next few days we killed from a dozen-and-a-half to two dozen birds daily; going out late in the morning and coming in early in the afternoon. Still no Billy. His letters complained of colds, influenza, and other little ills, that serve so well for excuses, ending with "Expect to leave in a day or two," and "How are the birds?"

Things were becoming decidedly monotonous. Quite a snow storm set in to complete our discomfort, and the weather became cold enough to hunt in an overcoat. Something must be done. That night we piled wood into the sheet-iron stove in the sitting-room till things were red hot; told the General we were from the south, and required a warm temperature, and when he remonstrated and asked how we could stand cold sponge baths every morning, replied that if we did not take them we would not dare to go out all day in such a climate. The next day he had a Dutchman sawing wood.

We now tried hunting in rubber boots; but it has always been disagreeable work to our mind, hunting in three or four inches of snow, giving the dogs a poor chance to work, which is the chief delight of a sportsman's heart.

Now, be it known that Watson boasts no butcher shop, and the pork and chicken business was becoming quite tiresome. So we informed our host that our family physician had advised us not to stint ourselves in the matter of roast-beef and rare beef-steaks; and that if they were not forthcoming we would have to take an early departure. He said he had a yearling steer that he could kill but he would hate mightily to do it. He had calculated to raise that steer, etc., etc., and Effingham was seven miles off, and too far to go for beef. The next morning, as we were starting out we spied the General carrying an armful of wood and sang out to him, "Have us a beef-steak for supper to-night or we'll leave in the morning." And sure enough, that evening when we returned we felt like the prodigal son, for there, suspended from the rafter, hung the fattest calf, the General busily engaged in taking the hide off. We really felt sorry, but the reflection that the poor animal was free from pain, and would suffer no more, in the very much ventilated barn, indigenous to the country, from cold and exposure, comforted us.

From this time till our departure there was no dearth of fresh meat, both to our own and the gratification of Dash and Belle.

Time dragged slowly on and still no Billy, and we concluded to pull up stakes. Never shall we forget the perplexed expression on the General's face when we asked for our bill.

"Well," said he, "I had calculated to charge you about five dollars a week, but Billy didn't come and I had to kill (with a tear coursing down his cheek) that steer; besides, you've burned a power of wood, and I think I ought to have a dollar a day." So we paid him at that rate for twenty-one days, and left him to ruminate for the rest of the winter over the great folly he had committed when years before he had sold his land in Ohio and moved farther West, because the government did not run the national road nearer to him.

Chicago, Ill.

The Sport of Maine.

LEWISTON, ME.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—July 1st, the opening of the season for black bass was hailed with delight by a goodly number of piscatorialists, and daylight is hardly observable ere every boat on Cobscookscotee Lake has its full quota of enthusiastic and expectant professors of the gentle art. Some equipped with split bamboo rods, Abbey reel, and a full assortment of flies, others with rods, flies and minnows, and from these down to the native with his twenty-foot sapling, weighing ten pounds, and a mustard box full of the much-abused angling worms.

Even the small boy may be observed along the shore, as the boats leave the landings, throwing his "bull-frog" far out among the lily-pads with his native rod, cut on the spot, and splashing the water for rods around with the velocity of his cast, as his poor frog flattens and wits under the force of its contact with its native element. Others are baited with pieces of halibut as large as your foot, while still others are using pieces of suckers, chubs, etc., and are happy, expectant and sure they have the inside track, and if luck but favors them to-day, sure to "wipe the eye" of that other fellow with the gaudy, scarlet fly and green eye-glasses.

Your humble servant, humble indeed, although persevering to the bitter end, using all the inducement a year's subscription to the CHICAGO FIELD had placed at his disposal, was perforce to return home empty handed, none of the snny tribe having deigned to notice his herculean efforts for their especial benefit, while his three companions were doubly blessed with twenty-two goodly bass, such is the perversity of this incomprehensible fish (next year I shall try and allure them with two years' sub-

scription to the CHICAGO FIELD, and see if they can withstand the double dose).

July 4th the Kennebec Association for the Protection of Game and Fish, held their "annual piscatorial fete" at this lake which was largely attended and piscatorially honored, as the noble bass was in his gentlest mood, and honored every bait thrown for his edification, with his politest bow and strongest bite. Thus all returned laden with chowder, and supremely happy. Throughout July, bass and perch fishing proved very good. August first permitted us to wander in quest of Bartramian sandpiper, so we take down the guns that have been laid on the shelf since the preceding December, and after filling our pockets with shells, start for the plains (which in Maine is a number of acres of undulating land) where the second growth of clover shields the volup-tuous "hopper" and covers the sandpiper from the world's cold gaze.

Did you ever attempt to shoot a sandpiper? One that had been under fire some hundred times, more or less, as is the case, here after the first few days in August? Well, I can positively assert, they can calculate distance to a nicety, and if you get within rods of such a bird, rest assured it's an accident. However, we enjoy the fun and probably return home as supremely happy with our half dozen birds as our Western compatriot with his twenty brace of quails, and thirty or forty chickens, for have we not had the same tramp, done as much territory, fired as many shots, and drank as deeply of nature, and returned as tired, but happy! One of our drawbacks to sandpiper shooting is, we have no occasion for our dogs, unless as retrievers.

Two gentlemen from Rhode Island (who have undoubtedly done the West) came down here the latter part of August to try the Bartramian sandpiper. After one day's shooting, which resulted in a bag of thirteen, for three guns, they packed up and returned home disgusted with Maine, and sandpiper shooting in particular. A letter before me from a friend who accompanied them, says: "They expected to find them sufficiently plenty to scrape up with a hoe."

September, the opening of our hunting season in general, opened remarkably warm, and but few availed themselves of the privilege, and those few returned with light bags, worn-out dogs, and tired, perspiring sportsmen. After the first few days until the twentieth, the weather was cold, misty, and a good part of the time stormy, and not until October 1, did we have the still, cool, bracing weather that adds to the stature of the true sportsman. The frosts were not heavy enough to kill the weeds and give color to the ripening leaves for some time after this date. With a few exceptions I did not invade our "great northern wilds!" until the middle of October, too early by two or three weeks for all of our game excepting woodcocks, and this specie of our game has been scarce indeed this season. Those who heretofore have been accustomed to summer shooting,—and they are legion here—insist that woodcocks breed extensively among the hills of this and Oxford county, and that as soon as done moulting, which is about the first of September, they commence working toward the sea-coast, and about all the birds we get after this date are the migratory birds which may drop in and remain here sometime, or not visit us at all (as was the case we presume this year).

At the first of August it is claimed a bag of from six to thirty is not unusual, while the very best bag I can learn of since September 1 contained but nine, bagged by a party familiar with every cover within a radius of twenty miles, and who is not only a crack shot, but owns one of the best dogs in the state; from nine we are reduced to six, shot by the same party, since which I have known of but one, two and sometimes three being picked up with a grouse or two as the days work for one or two with dogs (deuced discouraging for the dogs). Grouse, likewise, are becoming remarkably scarce, owing, I find in a great measure, to the depredations of the partridge fly. I have noticed but a very few young birds in the markets, and out of some dozen or fifteen killed by myself but two were young birds, the balance being old cocks; and this is about the average of what others have found the grouse shooting this season in Maine.

I have devoted the better part of two months to the pursuit of fin and feather since the opening of the season; first after woodcocks and grouse, and finally for ducks and snipes. Snipe shooting, owing to high water, has also been exceptionally poor; this bird we only find while in its migrations south, where it drops onto our bogs for a rest and a lunch, staying in greater or less numbers, which depends upon the height of the water, until the cold weather drives them to more salubrious climes.

Duck shooting has proved fair; a pair of mallards (very rare here) were bagged on one of our ponds where wild rice was sowed a year ago.

FRANK HENSHAW.

A Wisconsin State Sportsmen's Association Organized.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—On the evening of February 10 the Kinnickinnick Gun Club held its annual supper at the Newhall House in this city. This is over a month earlier than the club usually hold their annual banquet. The reason for this change lay in the fact that this club was most anxious to forward the means of having a State Organization formed, and in order to have a good attendance of invited sportsmen of the interior of the state present, it was determined to fix on this earlier date; and it proved a wise move as a large number of the most prominent men of the state honored the club with their presence.

At about nine o'clock p. m. the club with its guests filed into the elegant, large dining hall of the Newhall House, which was brilliantly lighted, and the long table artistically arranged with its fruits and flowers, was a sight to delight the eye of both an artist and an epicure. The menu was bountiful, and of good variety. Among the invited guests present were: General Lawler and J. F. Williams, of Prairie du Chien; Honorable G. C. Hazelton, of Crawford Co.; P. Greeley, Mukwanago; R. H. Strong, Baraboo; A. K. Delaney, Mayville; Dr. A. H. Amos, Racine; G. W. Truesdell, Kenosha; M. J. Egan, Franklin; L. A. Winchester, Whitewater; F. W. Sackett, Berlin; Wyatt, Fon du Lac; Judges Small and Mallory, Milwaukee, and quite a number of other prominent gentlemen from different points.

After partaking of the bountiful supper, with ample fluids to clear the throat, speech-making was in order, and was participated in by the following gentlemen: Hazelton, Lawler, Strong, Simonds, S. J. Williams, Small, Brown, Mallory and others; then followed a general discussion on the game and fish laws. And I am happy to say, all seemed to agree that the sooner we have laws prohibiting all kinds of Spring shooting, the better, an idea that I have been advocating through the columns of the CHICAGO FIELD for the last three years. The necessity of a State Organization was appreciated; business was proceeded with, and resulted in the formation of an organization to be known as the State Sportsmen's Association of Wisconsin, for the protection of fish, game and birds. The following officers were elected for one year: Frederick Reilbrock, President; S. J. Williams, Sec'y Stewart Murray, Treasurer. Twenty-six Vice-Presidents were selected, all prominent men in the State. A committee to secure the requisite legislation was appointed, consisting of the following gentlemen: James A. Mallory, David W. Small and G. H. Markham. The Kinnickinnick Gun Club feel elated at the success of this enterprise, and the CHICAGO FIELD may feel proud of the

part it has taken and has the warm thanks of Wisconsin sportsmen: your correspondent, also, feels proud of the part he has taken in the matter. Long may the Association exist, and much good may it accomplish! Much regret was expressed by members of the K. G. C. because of their not seeing the Editor of the CHICAGO FIELD at their Banquet.

BLUE JAY.

Domesticating the Quail.

VALPARAISO, IND.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I have been making some efforts of late to secure a few dozen quails wherewith to stock my shooting preserve, and by accident learned something very interesting regarding the breeding of quails in confinement, or rather domesticating them. A little boy, the son of a farmer some six miles west of town, found a quail's nest last season, brought the eggs home and placed them under a bantam hen. The whole lot hatched, but only five were reared, as the old cat had, doubtless, long been accustomed to quail diet, and considered them hers by right. After the cat was killed the five quails grew rapidly and were exceedingly tame; they run with the bantams, come with them to the house for their food, and at night seek the roost with them. I have succeeded in buying the lot with the bantam that reared them, and will bring them home this spring. It is not difficult to find the nest of the quail and I am going to try the experiment the coming Spring.

During the warm weather of a few days ago a few snipes and ducks put in an appearance. Geese have been here all winter. Prairie chickens seem more abundant than usual. Wool-growers have been greatly annoyed by wolves, both in the region near the lake (Michigan) and near the Kankakee river, several hunts have been organized, but have been failures on account of inexperience both of dogs and men. I greatly desire to own an Irish wolf-hound and could clearly prove his ability to rid us of this plague of wolves. The warm, open winter has been of great benefit in the protection of game. Deer are becoming quite numerous in the swamps, and our next Legislature will doubtless enact a law protecting them for five years.

The real shooting every Spring and Fall is at jack-snipes or more properly the Wilson snipe. I believe I can direct any ardent lover of snipe shooting to grounds where he can have his fill; in fact, one can hardly go amiss on any of the Kankakee marshes or its tributaries.

W. H. H.

A Plea for Game Protection.

MUNCIE, IND.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Game at this point the past season has been somewhat scarce, especially quails—our principal shooting—and it is not a frequent occurrence for one to get eight of the pheasant or woodcock, but the winter being so favorable, we anticipate a grand time next fall.

The boys have been agitating the gun-club question to a considerable extent, and no doubt there will be one organized in the early Spring. Not only are they talking of a gun club, but also of organizing an association for the protection of the game law, as it is paid no attention to in this county (Delaware) no more than if there were no such law, and by those, too, I am sorry to say, who profess to be sportsmen (of course there are exceptions), and who will not "let up" until the game is exterminated, or the law "snatches them bald-headed," which will certainly be the case if there is ever an organization to enforce it. I cannot recall one instance of any one being required to pay a fine for violating the game law in this county, although there is not a year passes but that it is repeatedly done. I think if these sportsmen(?) could be induced to subscribe for some good sportsman's paper, such as the ever-welcome CHICAGO FIELD, there would be less hunting done out of season, and a great many more true sportsmen throughout the land. Let every lover of the healthful recreation take hold and persuade those fellows who persist in murdering everything they see, and wherever they see it, whether in or out of season, to subscribe for the CHICAGO FIELD, or some other good journal of the kind, and my word for it, there will be fewer "shoot-'em-at-any-time" pot-hunters.

BACHUS.

QUAILS IN CAPTIVITY.—Mobile, Ala.—Editor Chicago Field:—I see by your answer in issue January 24, that I have perfect right to keep in my possession quails during the close season. I would tell you that the quails are confined in a cage 50x20 feet, with good hiding places, roosts and every thing comfortable. Since writing you I have purchased seven more, making six pairs in all. Several legal men have told me that, by having them in this pen or cage, I am in the act of trapping them, which I do not believe. I consider that I have saved the lives of these birds, for had I not bought them they would have suffered the same fate that the balance of same lot did.

DINK.

THE CHICAGO FIELD is an authority on all sporting matters. It stands pre-eminent among its cotemporaries, and enjoys a circulation in proportion to its good qualities. We heartily commend it to our friends who are lovers of the dog, horse, rod, and gun, and wish it a success during 1880, equal to the value of the last number on our table.—Wytheville, Va., Dispatch.

Notes.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—For a time in January we expected a return of the snipes to our meadows in numbers, so balmy and Spring-like had the weather become; indeed, a few were reported as having been killed near the city, and our mutual friend, Mr. John Davis, told me he saw quite a bunch hanging at Tevis' game store, in January. Such a season as it has been up to February 1st, has never before been experienced. In the last two weeks we have had cold weather enough to make a fair "drift of ice" in the Delaware river, and the lovers of "ice shooting" have been doing good work, as numbers of mallards, black-ducks, sprig-tails and bald-pates, were reported below before the freeze.

VAN H.

FLORENCE, KANSAS.—Our shooting season closed here with a fine prospect for next season. Duck shooting in McPherson county, forty miles by rail, north of here, will begin about March 1. They are very scarce there now. I have noticed a great many mallard ducks along the timbered parts of the Cottonwood river, and the geese are very plenty on the Arkansas, sixty miles west of us.

TOM'S RIVER, OCEAN CO., N. J.—The duck shooting is at present very good. Mr. S. Applegate and friend on Feb. 6, bagged thirty-nine, of which thirty-seven were red-heads. They did not get to their stand, which was on Mosquito Cove, till 10:30 a. m., and left at 3 p. m.

K.

LINNVILLE, IA.—Weather very fine; ducks and geese are reported quite numerous along Weldon river, and on the bottoms. Our sportsmen are expecting fine shooting this Spring. Quails are scarce.

W.

BELLVILLE, TEXAS.—Snipes have been coming during the past three weeks in great abundance.

Mrs.

Trap Shooting.

Lake George Sportsmen's Club Shoot.

CHICAGO, ILL. EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—The following is the score of Lake George Sportsmen's Association shoot, held on Feb. 21 and 23, on their club grounds in Lake County, Ind., 10 single birds each, H. & T. ground-traps, handicap from 18 to 31 yards, for supremacy badge and special prizes.

SATURDAY, FEB. 21.
Geo. Kimbark, 18 yds. 11111 00110-7
Cha. Barnes, 21 yds. 11111 00011-6
Anderson, 21 yds. 11111 01111-9
J. B. Daval, 21 yds. 11111 01111-9
A. D. Bevan, 25 yds. 11111 01111-10
John Cornell, 25 yds. 11111 01111-8
Ties on 9.
Ties on 9.
Anderson, 21 yds. 11111-00
Daval, 21 yds. 11111-6
Divide second special prize, a glass ball trap, given by Capt. A. H. Bogardus.
Ties on 8.
Cornell, 25 yds. 111-3
Goodman, 25 yds. 0w
Divide third special prize, 50 lbs. shot, given by Chicago Shot Tower Co.
Ties on 9.
Anderson, 21 yds. 11111-00
Gammion, 23 yds. 11111-6
Daval, 21 yds. 11111-6
Divide second special prize, a glass ball trap, given by Capt. A. H. Bogardus.
Ties on 8.
Cornell, 25 yds. 111-3
Ditch, 21 yds. 111-3
Goodman, 25 yds. 0w
Divide third special prize, 50 lbs. shot, given by Chicago Shot Tower Co.

MONDAY, FEB. 23.
E. T. Martin, 31 yds. 11111 01111-9
C. O'Conner, 26 yds. 11111 01111-8
R. A. Turtle, 29 yds. 11111 01111-8
Balm, 26 yds. 11111 01111-8
E. S. Bond, 25 yds. 11111 01111-6
Fred Wood, 26 yds. 11111 01111-8
This left A. D. Bevan winner of badge and first special prize—key powder, 300 shells and 1,000 wads, given by E. B. Rambo.
Ties on 9 for second special prize for the 23d.
Martin, 31 yds. 11111-4
Foss, 23 yds. 11111-4
Second tie.
Martin, 31 yds. 11111-4
Foss, 23 yds. 11111-5
Third tie.
Foss, 23 yds. 11111-5
McGowan, 25 yds. 11111-5
Mr. Foss wins hunting coat, given by W. H. Hollabird.
Ties on eight for third special prize.
R. A. Turtle, 29 yds. 11111-8
C. O'Conner, 26 yds. 11111-8
F. Wood, 26 yds. 11111-3
Second tie.
J. F. Welsh, 31 yds. 11111-100-1
Palm, 26 yds. 11111-000-0
Mr. Welsh wins revolver given by Foss Bros. R. E. Williams wins without a tie one dozen decoy ducks, given by George Peterson, of Detroit.

Ties on six for fifth special prize.
E. S. Bond, 25 yds. 111-3
Bond wins glass ball trap, given by Z. M. Hotchkiss.
There being yet two special prizes undistributed of there was a five-bird shoot for them at twenty-seven yards.
E. T. Martin, 31 yds. 11111-5
R. A. Turtle, 29 yds. 11111-4
McGowan, 25 yds. 11111-4
C. O'Conner, 26 yds. 11111-4
F. Wood, 26 yds. 11111-4
Ties on five, twenty-seven yards.
E. T. Martin, 31 yds. 11111-5
J. F. Welsh, 31 yds. 11111-5
Mr. Martin wins one dozen decoys, given by Allen, of Monmouth, Ill.
Ties on four, twenty-seven yards.
R. A. Turtle, 29 yds. 11111-5
Palm, 26 yds. 11111-5
Connor, 26 yds. 11111-5
Second tie.
R. A. Turtle, 29 yds. 11111-2
Connor, 26 yds. 11111-0w
Third tie.
R. A. Turtle, 29 yds. 11111-5
Crack, 26 yds. 11111-4
R. A. Turtle wins glass ball trap, given by E. T. Martin.
This is the fifth contest for the badge, it having been won previously by the following members:
J. F. Welsh, handicap twenty-seven yards.
R. E. Williams, handicap twenty-eight yards.
E. T. Martin, handicap thirty-one yards.
Edward Evans, handicap twenty-five yards.

STATE MEDAL SHOOT.—Detroit Mich.—Editor Chicago Field:—The State Medal Shoot, ground traps, tame birds, was shot here to-day. Eldridge winner and holder of the medal.
Eldridge, 11111 11111-11
Long, 11111 0w
Mack, 11111 11w
Roose, 11111 10110-8
Eldridge wins and holds for the second time.
Sweepstakes; same rules, three birds.
Ties miss and out.
Eldridge, 101-2
Gillman, 111-3
Long, 011-2
McMillan, 101-2
Ties on 3.
Gillman, 00-0
Roose wins first money.
Ties on 2.
Eldridge, 110-2
Long, 110-2
St. Aubin, 110-2
Second tie.
Eldridge, 1-1
Long, 0-0
Eldridge wins second money.
Third sweep; ties miss and out.
Eldridge, 100-1
Gillman, 011-2
Long, 011-2
St. Aubin, 010-1
Roose wins first money.
Ties on 2.
Gillman, 0-0
Long, 0-0
Jardine second money.
Third sweep; ties miss and out.
Eldridge, 11-2
Gillman, 11-2
Long, 11-2
St. Aubin, 11-2
Nimrod, 00-0
Ties on 2.
Eldridge, 0
Gillman, 11-2
Long, 11-2
Birds gave out and the four divide first.
Ties on 1.
Roose, 1-1
Jardine, 1-1
Roose and Jardine divide second.

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J. A. Haldeman, 11 10 10 10-5
Second match.—Five single birds, 25 yards.
J. A. Haldeman, 11011-4
Joe Griffith, 1100-3
Dr. Henry, 1101-4
Ties for first place, 31 yards.
Haldeman, 111-3
Sands, 110-2
Darrett, 110-2
Third match.—Five single birds, 25 yards rise.
Joe Griffith, 11110-4
J. A. Haldeman, 11011-4
Dr. Henry, 11011-4
Ties for first place, 31 yards.
Griffith, 111-3
Henry, 110-2
Ties for second place.
Sands, 10101 10100 11110-9
Darrett, 10110 10100 11100-8
Fourth match.—Eight single birds.
J. A. Haldeman (25 yards), 1101 1111-7
S. Sands (27 yards), 1010 1011-5

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Ties for first place, 31 yards.
Griffith, 111-3
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Ties for second place.
Sands, 10101 10100 11110-9
Darrett, 10110 10100 11100-8
Fourth match.—Eight single birds.
J. A. Haldeman (25 yards), 1101 1111-7
S. Sands (27 yards), 1010 1011-5

Fifth match.—Eight single birds.
J. A. Haldeman (25 yards), 1011 1111-7
S. Sands (27 yards), 1011 1100-5
Sixth match.—Five single birds, 25 yards rise.
Joe Griffith, 1111-5
J. A. Haldeman, 10011-3
Dr. Henry, 1101-4
Seventh match.—Five single birds, 25 yards.
Joe Griffith, 1110-4
S. Sands, 11010-3
Ties, 31 yards.
Haldeman, 111-3
Sands, 100-1
Eighth match.—Five single birds, 25 yards rise.
W. T. Darrett, 11111-5
J. A. Haldeman, 11111-5
Joe Griffith, 11111-5
S. Sands, 11111-4
The ties in this match were not shot off.
J. M. B.

OIL CITY, PA.—Editor Chicago Field:—I send you herewith the score of our last club shoot at the range. What do you think of our score in the shoot for the badge?
Badge shoot.
John J. Jones, 11111 11110 11110-11
L. T. Lamberton, 11110 01100 10011-9
Alex. Vincent, 11111 11110 01101-12
R. G. Lamberton, 11111 10111 11111-14
W. A. May, 00011 11101 11110-10
C. D. Elliott, 11100 00111 10011-9
R. G. Lamberton won.
Team shoots.
John Jones' Team, 11111 11011-9
Alex. Vincent, 11111 11111-10
C. D. Elliott, 11111 11111-10
L. T. Lamberton's Team, 11111 11110-9
R. G. Lamberton, 11111 11111-10
W. A. May, 00011 11110-6
Team shoot of five balls, for price of balls.
John Jones, 10011-3
Alex. Vincent, 11111-5
C. D. Elliott, 11110-4
Total, 112
L. T. Lamberton, 10011-3
R. G. Lamberton, 11110-4
W. A. May, 11111-5

Attempting to decide the match, each succeeding shoot resulted in a tie and when all the glass balls were gone, we shook hands and adjourned.
PETROLEUM.
BROOKLYN DRIVING PARK, LONG ISLAND.—Editor Chicago Field:—On February 20, for \$250 a side, 50 birds each, find trap and handle each for the other, 25 yards rise, old Long Island rules to govern, single barrel. Dr. Talbot shot with a Dally breech-loader, 12 bore, weighing 8½ pounds, and his shells contained four drams of Laffin & Rand's No. 3 ducking powder, and 1¼ oz. of Tatham's No. 8 chilled shot. Height used a Parker 10-bore, 9½ lbs. weight, and his shells were loaded with five drams of Hazard's Electric No. 4 powder, and 1¼ oz. of Tatham's No. 8 shot.
Talbot, 10011 00111 10111 01010 00110 11101 01110 11100 01011 11100-12
Total, 50; killed, 30; missed, 20.
Height, 10010 10000 01011 *1111 00111 *1001 11*01 00001 11001 11010-12
Total, 50; killed, 26; missed, 24.
Time of shoot, 1h. 56m.
*Dead out of bounds.
Mr. Chas. Wingert, referee.
The Herald said: "Talbot's backers and friends hailed from Long Island, and every effort was made by them to collect a lot of strong, lively birds, hard to hit, and able to carry a load of shot beyond the eighty yards boundary. They succeeded admirably, as a better lot was never trapped in this section of the country. The Jerseyman also endeavored to get together fifty pigeons not easily killed, but Talbot's friends outbid him fully seventy-five per cent., and to this more than anything else Height owes his defeat."

THE BOGARDUS GLASS BALL TOURNAMENT.—This tournament, held at O'Leary's Gymnasium, Chicago, on Feb. 19, 20 and 21, was fairly successful. The shooting was good and the attendance general. The entries for the first shoot, shooting 20 balls, 18 yards, regular rules, numbered 23. The first prize was won by Mike Eich, 17; second, R. A. Turtle, 16; third, J. Watson, 14; fourth, J. J. Kleiman and C. H. Britton, of Elkhor, Wis., divided, 13. Second shoot—18 entries, first prize, C. G. Jewett, of Howell, Mich., 19; second, E. L. Mullican (same place) 15; third, Mike Eich and E. M. Kiser, Elk City, Pa., divided, 14; fourth, J. Watson, 13. Third shoot—14 entries, first, G. A. Bazzard, 20 straight; second, Abe Kleiman, 19; third, R. B. Organ, 18; fourth, C. H. Britton, 14. Fourth shoot—10 double balls, 16 yards, 13 entries, first, Abe Kleiman, 16; second, J. Marshall and E. Bates divided, 16; third, George Buzzard, 15; fourth, H. C. Neidhardt, 14. Fifth shoot—teams of three, 18 yards, 30 single balls, 7 teams entered; first team Messrs. Abe Kleiman, George Buzzard and J. Watson, score 53. Two teams tied for second place. The winners on the shoot-off were M. Eich, R. B. Organ and Ed. Price; third, E. Bates, James Kerstetter and E. M. Kiser; fourth, H. C. Neidhardt, J. Kellogg and Candfield. Between the regular shoots of the three days, several sweepstakes took place. Upon the last evening the Captain and his son Eugene gave an exhibition of fancy shooting which was very perfectly done, the Captain breaking 53 out of 53 balls in 2m. 40s., and Eugene hitting marbles, half dollars, quarters and nickles with the rifle. On the evening of the last day a 100-ball glass ball match with Winchester rifle, between E. M. Kiser, of Elk City, Pa., and Eugene Bogardus was won easily by the latter, he on one occasion breaking 6 out of 10, sprung from a Bogardus glass ball field trap.

DEXTER PARK, L. I.—Editor Chicago Field:—On the 17th inst., at Dexter Park, on the Jamaica Road, the Nassau Gun Club shot a team match for a dinner at ten birds each; hand traps; twenty-five yards rise; eighty yards boundary; use of both barrels; Long Island rules.
J. V. Bergen's team.
J. V. Bergen (captain), 11110 01111-8
H. Smith, 11101 01111-8
W. Selover, 01111 0011-6
J. Van Wicken, 11101 01111-7
D. Van Wicken, 11110 01111-8
A. Haas, 01011 11111-7
J. Ryder, 10111 1011-8
C. Lemken, 11010 01111-7
59
Judge H. Lott's team.
Judge H. Lott (captain), 11*10 01000-4
F. Paris, 11101 11111-8
Mr. Abrams, 11111 11111-10
G. Bergen, 01111 01111-8
G. Bell, 11111 10111-8
W. Brown, 01001 01011-4
J. Doyle, 01011 00110-4
Mr. Thomas, 01011 01011-6
52
* Fell dead out of bounds.
Referee—Mr. A. Soules.
TROPHY.

GENEVA, IOWA.—Editor Chicago Field:—Below please find the score made by the Geneva Gun Club at their monthly shoot held Tuesday, Feb. 10, 1880. The match was shot at twelve single snow birds, 18 yards rise. I presume to many this will seem rather poor shooting, but to all who have any such opinion I would say try one score at the little fellows and if it does not test the skill of the marksman, and qualities of gun, then I do not know what will. The birds for our match were furnished by Mr. Geo. Waddington, of this place, and were a lively lot. Mr. W. expects to furnish enough for our next monthly shoot, when we will report success.
Geo. Waddington, 110100 10101-7
W. T. Bullis, 111101 01010-7
F. M. Rubee, 000010 01110-5
R. B. McCord, 111100 01001-6
Jos. Waddington, 111010 100101-7
H. C. Clock, 111000 00110-5
Jos. Kulaa, 010011 100010-5
R. B. M.

NEW PHILADELPHIA, O.—Editor Chicago Field:—Below I send you score of last practice shoot (January 31) of the Ira A. Paine Gun Club; eighteen yards rise; each man shooting as many as seen fit.
Walters (Parker, ten-bore), 01101 01001 10011 11101
Shull (Whitey, twelve-bore), 01011 11111 10100 1
White (E. O. Greene, twelve-bore), 00111 11011 11111 11011 11011-23
Dillman (Greener, ten-bore), 01011 10110 11111 11111 11011 11011-23
McCartney (Fox, ten-bore), 11011 11111 11111 11111 11111 11111-29
FRATHER FILLED.
We shall be pleased to hear from our correspondent as often as he can spare the time.—Ed.]

NEW CHESTER, PA.—Editor Chicago Field:—Some of our amateurs met this afternoon to have a little pigeon shoot. Prizes were 70 and 30 per cent. of the entrance fee. 10 birds were allotted to each shooter, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary. The following is the score.
W. H. Dicks, 11011 10111-8
S. J. Wolf, 10001 00011-4
A. S. Hamm, 11011 00000-4
W. Winand, 11111 10011-8
Ties on 8, 26 yards rise, 5 birds.
Dicks, 10100-2
Second tie, 31 yards rise, 3 birds.
Dicks, 011-2
Dicks wins first.
Bringingman and Morrison divided second money.
Second match—Prizes same as first.
D. G. Donahue, 10011-3
W. H. Dicks, 11101-4
Jno. Bringingman, 10101-3
S. J. Wolf, 01000-1
Weaver wins first

WANTS AND EXCHANGES.

ADVERTISEMENTS under this head (excepting Kennel advertisements, which must go under their proper department) inserted for Three Cents for each word. The money must be sent with the advertisement.

THE BEST SHOOTING SUITS. Address GEO. C. HENNING, Washington, D. C. 11-12-13

WELSH FERRETS FOR SALE, at \$5 per pair, by H. L. BRADLEY, Horicon, Wis. 13-1-31

WILD RICE seed for Spring planting; \$3 per bushel. R. VALENTINE, Janesville, Wis. 13-1-11

WANTED.—Two Newfoundland dog pups. Address, with price and pedigree, J. T. INGMAN, Villisca, Iowa. 13-2-21

WANTED.—A spaniel or retriever that will retrieve well from land or water. Address, stating price, etc., Box 757, Decorah, Iowa. 13-3-31

FOR SALE.—The CHICAGO FIELD every Friday morning at SMITH'S, Bookeller, Stationer and News Dealer, 122 Dearborn St., Chicago. 13-3-31

WANTED.—Better dog or bitch (broken), Gordon preferred. Must be good retriever. Address H. SCHLUETER, Box 17, Pepin, Pepin Co., Wis. 13-3-31

OSGOOD BOAT FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.—Perfectly new, has never been wet; cost \$35 and expressage. Will sell for \$25 or exchange for a retriever, broken, not over two years old. Address P. O. Box 407, Lexington, Ky. 13-2-51

WANTED.—A person thoroughly qualified to train thoroughbred race horses, desires a situation in a well organized training stable, or would take charge of a Club House and grounds. Good references given. Address, TRAINER, care CHICAGO FIELD. 13-18-11

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.—Homing pigeons, game fowls, game bantams, pointer and setter puppies, for small printing press, breech-loading shot-gun, beagle, greyhound, and deerhound pups. Address JAMES HENNESSY, 736 St. Clair St., Cleveland, Ohio. 13-20-11

WANTED.—A well known trainer and driver, having many years experience in the business, wishes a situation on a breeding farm to break and develop the speed of colts. The highest testimonials as to ability and character will be furnished. Address XYZ, care CHICAGO FIELD. 13-17-11

FOR SALE.—An E. & G. Higham breech-loader, 12-bore, 30-inch barrel, top snap action, rebounding locks, horn heel plate, English walnut stock, laminated steel barrels, with sole leather case and implements complete, for \$250; cost \$400 in 1875. Address S. D. W., Peekskill, Westchester Co., N. Y. 13-3-11

ARTIST'S NOTICE.—Parties desiring paintings or engravings of animals, machinery, buildings, etc., I would say that I am prepared to furnish the same at reasonable prices, and do in all cases a first-class job. Reference, Dr. N. Rowe, editor CHICAGO FIELD. Address 250 and 252 Wabash Ave., Chicago; R. A. GREEN. 13-23-11

FOR SALE.—A challenge Tolley, Purdy double bolt, lever in front of trigger guard; weight, 9 lbs 8 oz.; 10-gauge; 4 pistol grip; 3-inch drop, 14 1/2 length of stock; 25-in barrels; but little used; in leather case, with implements complete and 25 nickel plated shells. Cash price, \$175, currency. Address W. A. COSTER, Flatbush, L. I., or Horace Smith, 33 Park Row, New York. 8-25-11

WANTED TO SELL OR EXCHANGE.—A farm containing 512 acres of land, with good country dwelling, situated on the head of Catahoula Lake, about sixteen miles from the town of Alexandria, La. The land produces corn, cotton, and potatoes; there is 20 acres under cultivation. The lake abounds with wild fowl, geese, brant, ducks, and snipe in abundance, and it is the hunting ground of the sportsmen here. In the forest, deer, foxes, and squirrels are plentiful, and the fishing facilities are excellent. For further particulars address H. L. DAIGRE, Alexandria, La., or the Editor of the CHICAGO FIELD. 13-2-1m

KENNEL.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted under this head for 25 cts a line for the first insertion, and 15 cts for each subsequent insertion. If displayed, \$3.50 per inch for first, and \$2.50 for each subsequent insertion.

50 Cents A Copy.
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A complete manual for teaching pointer and setter for the field, 60 p., 72s. To which are added the standards for judging the pointer, setter and cocker spaniel, with various hints concerning the cocker, and other miscellaneous matter. The whole prefaced by "Band Snipe." Liberal discount to dealers. Sent by mail, post-paid, to any address on receipt of the above price. Address, W. C. PERCY, Tunica, Louisiana. 8-21-11

PARIS EXPOSITION, 1878.

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MEAT FIBRINE DOG CAKES.

The order for feeding the dogs at the Great International Dog Show, held in conjunction with the Great International Exhibition at Paris, was given to Spratt's Patent by the Minister of Agriculture, and the dogs were sent home, after 12 days confinement (the longest on record), in perfect health and condition.

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For sale, cheap. Puppies from Lady Beaconsfield, by Royal Ben, he by Carlwits. Also puppies from Orpington, by Hatter, he by Bob Roy. No better breed in the country.
21-29-11

R. H. GILLMAN, Detroit, Mich.

KENNEL.

National American Kennel Club

Field Trial Derby of 1880.

The First American Field Trial Derby will be run under the National American Kennel Club Rules about the third week in November, 1880, time and place to be hereafter announced, for pointer and pointer puppies whelped on or after APRIL 1, 1879. First prize \$150; second \$100; third \$50. Entries five dollars each, to be paid at time of entry; ten dollars additional each for starters, to be paid before starting. Entries giving full particulars as to color, marking, sex, pedigree and name must be made on or before APRIL 1, 1880, to the secretary of the National American Kennel Club. Any number of dogs, the property of one owner, can run for this stake. The names and pedigrees of the puppies entered will be sent to all the sportsmen's papers for publication. The forfeit money to be added to the stake and divided between the winning dogs in the same ratio or proportion as the stake is divided.

Entries Close April 1, 1880.

For blank forms of entry apply to

Charles DeRonge, Sec. N. A. K. C.,
P. O. Box 994. No. 51 Broad Street,
13-3-51 New York city.

The Sporting Dog

AND

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LIMITED.

Registered Under the Acts of Parliament 1862 and 1867.

Mr. T. H. SCOTT, the manager of the above club, which is the only public body in England legally constituted for the purpose of breeding and selling sporting dogs, will be glad at all times to hear from gentlemen in America who wish to import dogs from England.

Mr. Scott has already sold good dogs to the St. Louis Kennel Club, and others, in America, and all gentlemen who purchase through him as manager of the club, may rest assured they will get good value for their money.

Address T. H. SCOTT,
Kilvington, Thirsk, Yorkshire, England.
13-3-3mo

Montview Kennel,

(Near Columbia, Maury Co., Tenn.)

Importers and Breeders of Pure-Bred English Setters.

SIRE.

Lincoln, by Dan—Lill II., imported 1877.
Count Fred, by Count Wind'em—Norna. Imported 1879.

BROOD BITCHES.

Countess Bear; Dan—Countess. Imported 1879.
Daisy Dean, by Pride of the Border—Ruby.
Dashing Model, by Dash II.—Countess Moll. Imported 1879.

Blaze, by Sam—Countess Bear. Imported 1879.
Broken dogs and puppies for sale. Address JOSEPH H. DEW, Columbia, Tennessee. 13-14-11

ROB ROY KENNEL.

DRUID.—Llewellyn's breed; (4267 Eng. K. C. S. B., and 16 Nat. Am. K. C. S. B.); black, and white; by Llewellyn's Prince (full brother to Countess and Nelly), out of Dora. Druid has won at four English field trials, beating Rob Roy and Macdonald's Ranger; also upon the bench at Glasgow. No English dog in America has an equal foreign field record. At St. Louis, in 1878, when out of condition Druid got V.H.C. in the champion class, 3d in the open class and 1st in the brace with Queen Mab, beating Smith's Leicester and Paris. At Detroit, in 1879, he won 1st, beating Leicester, also special and brace prize, with Queen Mab in the latter class, beating Paris and Temple Bar. In the eight months' class Druid's pups won 1st over Leicester's. At St. Louis, in 1879, he won 1st in open class, special for best English setter dog, and brace prize with Queen Mab. FHE—\$35. I am breeding to Druid Champion Queen Mab and Nilsson, both bred by Mr. Llewellyn and the only representatives in America of the grand Dan—Nelly cross, pronounced by Mr. Llewellyn and Mr. Buckell "The best they have ever seen." Apply to

17-11 Arnold Burges, Hillsdale, Mich.

National American Kennel Club

NEW YORK, Feb. 17, 1880.
Pursuant to the authority vested in me by the National American Kennel Club, at its meeting held at Patoka, Ill., Nov. 24, 1879, I have appointed as secretary of the N. A. K. C. Mr. Charles DeRonge, of No. 51 Broad Street, New York city, who has accepted the position and entered upon the duties of his office. All entries for the field trials of the club and for the Derby of 1880, for the forthcoming second volume of the N. A. K. C. Stud Book, all nominations for membership, and all communications on business of the club should be addressed to

CHARLES DeRONGE, Sec'y N. A. K. C.
P. O. Box 994. 51 Broad Street, New York city.
CHARLES H. RAYMOND, Pres. N. A. K. C.
13-3-21

Topeka Kennel Club.

IMPORTERS AND BREEDERS OF POINTERS.

Rock (1,257 N. A. K. C. S. B.), lemon and white pointer, in the stud. Fee \$25.

We are breeding to Rock the lemon and white bitches Regent and Dolly V. The liver and white bitches, Slesford's Maid and Nell; all broken on game. Correspondence solicited. Address TOPEKA KENNEL CLUB, Box 1014, Topeka, Kansas. 12-26-11

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Worm Balls for Dogs.

A reliable and harmless remedy for removing worms from dogs, containing neither a drastic purge nor deleterious astringent, and used with marked success; also for the expulsion of the tape worm, so often bringing on fatal distemper and aggravating the disease. Recommended by "Homo," and used for the past three years in the kennel of W. W. Collier, Esq.

Price, \$1, with full directions; in order to get state weight of dog. H. A. BORELL, Chemist, 204 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 13-3-11

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Medalist of the Montreal Veterinary College,
Member of the Montreal Veterinary Medical Association. Veterinarian to the Chicago Field. Veterinarian to the Illinois Humane Society.

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8-10-11

THE STUD BOOK

JUST PUBLISHED.

National American Kennel Club
STUD BOOK, Vol. I.

Sent Free by Mail on Receipt of Price, \$2 per copy. For sale only by JNO. W. MUNSON, Sec'y, 315 Olive Street, St. Louis.

Entries can now be made in Vol. II. on blanks furnished for that purpose to be had of the secretary. 11-10-11



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LEICESTER.....\$35
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MANGE! MANGE! GLOVER'S IMPERIAL MANGE (URE) is warranted to cure all kinds and conditions of mange or skin diseases of any nature on dogs or cattle, without injury to the animal. One application is usually all that is necessary. H. C. GLOVER, Sole proprietor Imperial Kennel, Tom's River, N. J. AGENTS.—Conroy, Bissett & Malleon, 65 Fulton St., N. Y.; John P. Lovell & Sons, Dock Square, Boston; Joseph C. Grubb & Co., 712 Market St., Philadelphia; F. P. Taylor, 73 East Madison St., Chicago; Crookes & Hilder, 604 North Fourth St., St. Louis. PRICE, 50 CENTS. 13-20-5mo

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CHAMPION BARNEY AND JUDY,

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CLEVELAND KENNEL.

For sale one pointer dog 3 years old, liver color, thoroughly field broken, has had over a thousand head of game killed to him. Price \$75. One setter dog 3 years 4 months old, orange and white patched, very handsome and a thorough good field performer. Price \$75. One setter bitch pup 8 months old, litter sister to Daniel the Prophet, winner of first prize in the puppy class at St. Louis, black, white and tan, very handsome and intelligent. Price \$20. One pointer puppy 6 months old, very handsome and under good control. Price \$20. Address JAMES HENNESSY, 736 St. Clair St., Cleveland, O. 13-26-11

Leicester--Nellies.

For Sale puppies by Champion Leicester, out of Champion Nellie, 6 months old. Nellie has won more prizes at field trials than any other setter in America. The progeny of Leicester have won more prizes in field trials than those of any other dog in America. Also for sale Dash III.—Roxby by Leicester—Nellie, puppies four months old. D. C. SANBORN, Baltimore, Mich. 13-18-11

Field Trial Puppies.

One dog and one bitch, blue beltons, 9 weeks old, by Imported Penn (Fletcher's champion Rock ex-Penny), out of Penn Y (champion France ex-Russa). W. A. HETZBERG, Elliot and Cass avenues, St. Louis, Mo. 13-3-11

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Champion Elcho-Gypsey Queen

FOR SALE.—Red Irish setter pups, one dog and one bitch, by champion Elcho out of Gypsey Queen.

Gypsey Queen is a good field dog, and won 1st and three specials at Pittsburg in 1878, the specials being for best Irish bitch, best brood bitch, and best setter bitch of any breed.

Pups are five months old, and in excellent condition. Address N. Y. C. 83 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa. 13-3-11

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I am breeding a few highly-bred pointer bitches—including my Brunette and Eve—to my young English dog Signal (No. 1,254 A. K. C. S. B.), the produce of which I warrant as fine as any in America. The acclimatization of my stock, along with the risk and cost of transportation on dogs from the North, constitutes a point from which Southern sportsmen should consider their interests. Address W. C. PERCY, Tunica, La. 11-25-11

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GROUSE.

Fee \$50.

Address JAMES MOORE, P.O. Drawer 41,
Toledo, Ohio. TOLEDO KENNEL CLUB.
10-26-11

CHAMPION JACK AND RACE.

CHAMPION JACK is a white and orange English setter, with black eyes and nose, winner during 1878 of two championships, one first and five special prizes. Has always won wherever entered.

RACE, a son of champion Elcho out of Fanny Fern, is a deep red, and 1st prize winner at St. Louis Show, first prize winner at Detroit this year; and with his brother Ben winner of Brace Stakes at Baltimore show, 1879, beating champions Berkley and Loo II. Fee, \$25 each. Address, E. C. WALLER, 94 Washington St., Chicago. 8-8-91

"The Dilley Pointer"

ROYAL DON,

By Snipe, out of Countess Royal, own sister to Dilley's Ranger, full pedigree.

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Broken and hunted on all game.

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FUN.

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FOR SALE.

All red Irish bitch Clytie, now three years old, by Elcho, out of Fire Fly.
Also Patsy, by Stoddard's Bob, out of Clytie, one year old, will be sold at a bargain. For all information, price, and pedigree, address GEO. B. DOUGAN, Richmond, Ind. 13-2-11

Locksley For Sale.

Locksley, imported in utero, pure Llewellyn, by Kentucky Kennel Club's Lofly, out of Nilsson, a very fine lemon and white dog, fifteen months old, thoroughly broken, and shot over last season by one of the best breakers, who pronounces him very staunch and of fine nose. Apply to ARNOLD BURGES, Hillsdale, Mich. 13-2-11

LOFTY.

(E. K. C. Stud Book 8179). A beautiful lemon belton Llewellyn setter, with dark points, whelped Feb. 77, by Llewellyn's Prince (full brother of Countess and Nelly), out of Leda (sister of Leicester and Lincoln). Took first prize and extra cup for the best setter or pointer, beating Llewellyn's champion Remus, Princess and Puzzle, Leeds, 1878. His puppies Lotta and Luna, won first and second at St. Louis, 1879. Fee \$50. Address KENTUCKY KENNEL CLUB Frankfort, Ky. 12-13-11

RATTLER

In the Stud.

Blue belton, Llewellyn setter, winner of three bench prizes, by Champion Rob Roy (winner of five English field trials), out of the pure Laverack bitch Pickles. Will serve bitches at \$15. Litters warranted. Inquire of L. F. WHITMAN, Detroit, Mich. 10-20-11

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Four Irish water spaniel bitches and one dog, whelped June 25, out of 1st prize winner Lottie (Sibnd Bridge), by Dash (Bob—Bridge), none better. Also five dogs and five bitches whelped July 2, out of red Irish setter bitch Jessie (Grouse—Gypsey), by Foyner's Boston (Bob—Duck), a grand dog; all large and strong, and very fine. Spaniels \$10, setters \$15, at six to eight weeks old. Address J. D. BROWN, Mo. Valley, Iowa. 11-24-11

Field Trial Puppies.

Imported Penn—Magic, six dogs and two bitches; color black and white ticked, and black, white and tan. Magic is a nicely marked and well-trained daughter of Rob Roy, out of D. she by Leicester—Dart. These puppies are strong and healthy, and if taken soon will be sold at \$15 each. H. G. MCMILLAN, Washington, Iowa. 13-3-11

A BARGAIN.

For \$25, my lemon and white pointer dog pup, six months old; Croxteth, lately imported; Dora, champion Sanecho, champion Queen. Address BLAKELY, Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y. 13-3-11

KENNEL.**FOR SALE.**

Belle, Pride of the Border ex. Kirby.

Broken on all kinds of game; a splendid snipe dog. Also other thoroughbred stock. Address H. W. GAUSE, Wilmington, Del. 12-26-80

Dogs Broken.

I am devoting my attention to breaking dogs, game of all kinds being abundant, enabling me to give dogs a practical field education. Dogs fitted for field trials. First-class references. W. B. STAFFORD, Minnetonka, Minn. 12-23-80

The Sound View Kennel.

Plunket, Echo, Rufus and Saitus' Dash stock for sale. Address David G. Hart, Northport, Long Island, N. Y. 12-23-80

FOR SALE.

Royal Ben, lemon and white setter dog (Carlowitz-Lacy), 1st and special prizes, Detroit, 1879; 1st and special, St. Louis, 1879.
Bena and Rose II, lemon and white pointer bitches (Sensation-Rose), very handsome.
Betty, red Irish bitch (Bob-Kitty); very handsome.
Sepoy, Llewellyn setter (Gladstone-Mersey), lemon and white.
Belle, English setter bitch.
Chips, pointer, liver color.
For further particulars address A. H. MOORE, 1711 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, Pa. 12-23-80

FOR SALE.

Setter DOGS and BITCHES, from 7 mos. to 3 yrs. old, broken and unbroken, black and tan, and black, white and tan Gordons, red with white, and lemon and white, out of Mab, D. L. Flirt, Tip, Jessie and Gypsy, sired by Gaultier's Dan, Copeland's (formerly Jerome's) Shot, Colburn's Dash, Saitus' Dash, Stoddard's Duke and Mann's Duke.
For pedigrees in full and price, apply to 5-15-80 JAMES R. TILLEY, Locust Valley, L. I.

FOR SALE.

Part of a litter of five dogs and two bitches of pure bred Llewellyn setter pups, now six weeks old. These pups combine the famous blood of Leicester, Dart, Pride of the Border, Dora and Bergundthal's Rake. Are very handsome and certain to make something fine. Price \$25 each. Address C. W. MULLAN, Watertown, Iowa. 11-19-80

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Leavenworth & Atchison Ex.....	*10:30 a.m.	*3:40 p.m.
Peru Accommodation.....	*5:40 p.m.	*10:20 a.m.
Night Express.....	12:00 p.m.	12:20 a.m.
Blue Island Accommodation.....	6:55 a.m.	6:40 a.m.
Blue Island Accommodation.....	8:40 a.m.	7:45 a.m.
Blue Island Accommodation.....	12:20 p.m.	9:10 a.m.
Blue Island Accommodation.....	4:15 p.m.	1:30 p.m.
Blue Island Accommodation.....	6:15 p.m.	4:40 p.m.
Blue Island Accommodation.....	7:10 p.m.	6:30 p.m.
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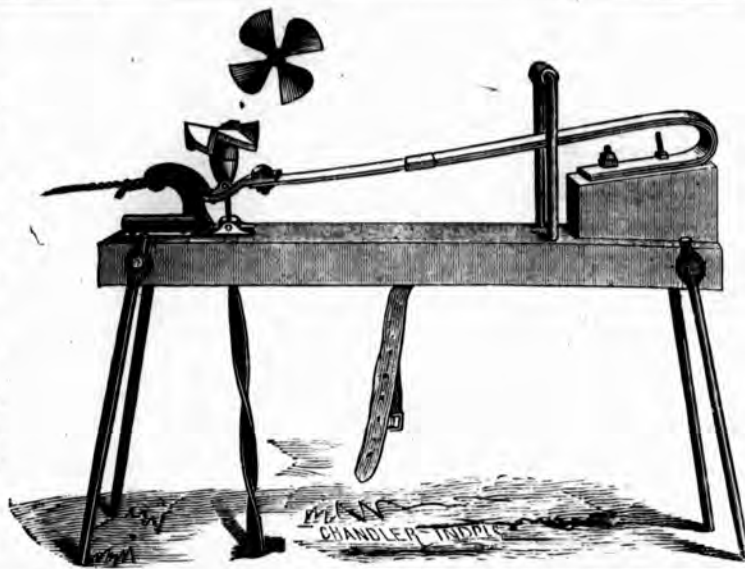
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